



WORON | ISSUE
FEB2007

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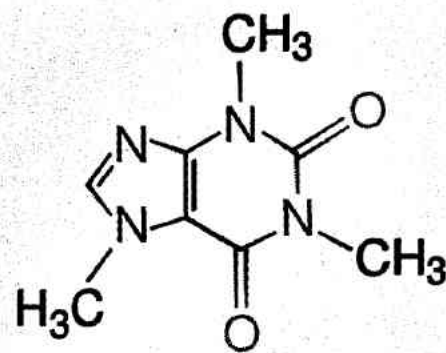
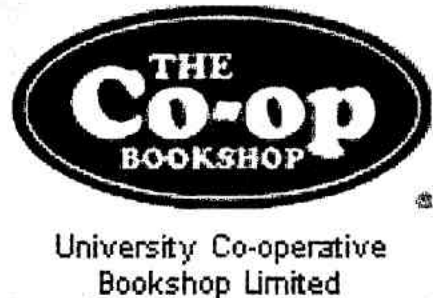
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WORONI

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STILL NOT ON TOP OF THE TECHNOLOGY?

AskANU is your first point of call for help with any of the ANU information services. Consultants can assist you with your ANU email account, changing passwords, software queries, basic library questions and much more. You can get face-to-face help at the AskANU Desk in the Chifley Library or visit <http://ask.anu.edu.au>



Get the help you need.

Pick up the Student iGuide, the Pocket iGuide and the Learn How guide from the AskANU Desk in Chifley

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RANDOM


Editorial




So, our first editorial. What should we talk about?




Oh, so many things we could talk about! O-Week, the new uni year, those competitions of ours ...




I see where you're going with this - kinda plugging the first issue, or whatever.




Yeah we should really push the new look and feel of Woroni and tell everyone how good our content is.




I see. I was thinking we could talk about sharks. People love that shit.




Na na, we should tell them about the awesomeness of the O-Week section, all the fun of O-Week packed into four kickass pages.




Did you hear about that shark attack at Bell's?



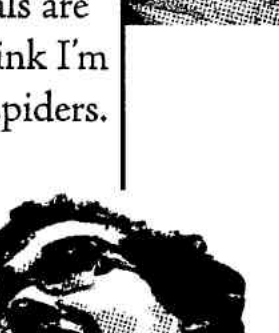
Bells? Like the Christmas bells ringing on page 21. That, "What I did on my holidays" section rocks.




Dude, that was heavy. I think he died. Do you know they can't swim backwards?



Reading backwards would take you first to our funny pages, then to reviews. I love that back section. Those reviewers sure do tell it like it is.



Man. These editorials are easy. Next time, I think I'm going to talk about spiders.



We work well together.

Editors: Peter Davis and Will Glasgow
Design and Layout: Georgina Edwards
Advertising: Pia Dupont
Stand-in Editor for Issue One, while the two douches are away gallivanting overseas: Megan McKeough

WORONI

WIN AN IPOD SHUFFLE!

Generally no one really cares about who the new SA is. This year, however, you can still not care, and WIN AN IPOD SHUFFLE. That's right, with all the excitingness of CAPITAL LETTERS and words that DON'T EXIST we have a brand spanking new competition for you guys to get into. During O-Week our lovely new SA members will be getting drunk at various events, and all you have to do to win the IPOD SHUFFLE is to get a photograph of yourself with them. The points scheme is as such:

1 point: Just a regular photo of you and an SA member at an O-Week event

2 points: In the photo the SA member must be visibly drunk

3 points: In the photo the SA member must be naked (and drunk)

These photos need to be at official O-Week events, otherwise they are not eligible for the competition and the SA will tell you to fuck off when you approach them.

Send photos into us at woroni@anu.edu.au, or hand them to us at the Woroni office.

Happy hunting :)





Claudia Newman-Martin

Having managed to achieve the unprecedented feat of kicking the Indies out of office, Claudia now sets her sights on total world domination. She is your President, and you shall love her.

Anna Verney

When not saving orphans from burning buildings using her super-powers, Anna can be found out the back of the Chifley practicing her caber toss. She also likes being Vice-President.



Shobaz Kandola

From an early age his friends and family would say "He'll be really good at being treasurer of the ANU Student's Association" - and by strange coincidence, that's what he now is.

Helen Zhang

Able to do a yard glass in under 10 seconds and go days without sleeping, Helen Zhang is the ultimate party animal. Which is lucky, cos she's also Social Officer.



Maria Koleth

Defending the rights of women everywhere, your new Woman's Officer is Maria Koleth.

Desmond Ko

Holding the position of General Secretary, Desmond is the only person on the Student's Association executive to hold a Guinness World Record, although strangely he won't say what it's for.



Nathan Pittman

Our resident psychic, Nathan can predict your future perfectly for next 30 minutes. Strangely the future always seems to involve being naked. Either way, he's the Sexuality Officer.

PREIDENT'S ADDRESS

Hi everyone,

Welcome to Uni for 2007. I trust that everyone had an enjoyable break and that new students are enjoying their first few days on campus.

ANUSA has had a very busy and exciting holiday break. We have been working on O Week, appeals and the accommodation crisis that has struck Canberra. Rather than go into the details of our office life over the past two months, I thought this might be a good opportunity to remind everyone of the free-of-charge services that ANUSA offers.

Advocacy

ANUSA representatives sit on a number of University committees, discussing anything from parking to general university governance. If you have a problem with the way Uni is run, or a suggestion for improvement, our representatives can convey this to the University administration.

Appeals

If you have difficulty with a lecturer, tutor or piece of assessment, ANUSA can help you to lodge an appeal or complaint. We have faculty representatives who meet with College Deans regularly, and Anna and I are always happy to help sift through the necessary paperwork and documentation to launch an appeal. These exchanges are always kept confidential and complaints can be anonymous if necessary.

Legal and Welfare Advice

ANUSA employs a welfare officer and a lawyer to assist students. Our legal officer can look through contracts and leases, assist you to defend criminal charges, and act on your behalf in disputes with landlords, employers or the Australian government! Our welfare officer can provide guidance with finances and offers emergency loans. The welfare officer is a great person to talk to about Centrelink, tax, and creating a livable weekly budget.

Social Life

Throughout the year we will be holding social and educational events to help build University community and help make Uni a fun experience. These events are always advertised on our website [<http://sa.anu.edu.au>].

We are also having fortnightly BBQs this year, so look out for us in Union Court and grab a free sausage and learn more about what ANUSA has to offer.

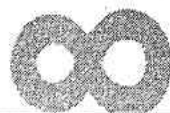
ANUSA also funds affiliated clubs and societies on campus. These clubs have access to free printing, photocopying and use of computers.

Free Stuff

The ANUSA office is always full of free goodies. Please come up and get your free 2007 Student Diary, use our computers, common room and kitchen, or just watch TV for a well-earned break.

We also operate a second-hand bookshop where you can buy and sell text books. It's not quite free, but the books are pretty cheap!

We usually have representatives in the office between 9 and 5 from Monday to Friday. ANUSA representatives can't represent your views unless we hear them, so please feel free to drop by at any time, or send me an email at sa.president@anu.edu.au.



DALEY NEWS

STUDENT TOLD BUSH JOKES NOT FUNNY

After years of making jokes about the American President, ANU engineering student Dan Maxwell has been told by his friend that they are no longer funny.

Steve Ginsberg, the self-described 'long-suffering friend', told his fellow engineering student, Maxwell, in early January. "It was an attempt to pre-empt another year of the same material. He's in three of my classes this year and we have a lot of contact hours in engineering. I just thought "Enough!" explained Ginsberg. "They're always the same - that Bush is stupid, that he's trigger happy, that he can't read... He even does this horrible impersonation. It's just lazy, you know?"

A mutual friend, Trevor Cullen, supported Ginsberg's allegation. "The impersonation is particularly weak. His accent is all wrong," adds Cullen.

It has been suggested

that Maxwell was surprised by the announcement, some even speculating that he had spent a good deal of the summer watching The Daily Show to hone his material. So far, he has refused to comment on the controversy.

MAN SHOCKED AS WOMAN BARES BREASTS

Johns resident Jaydin Hayes was stunned today when a young woman lifted her top to expose her breasts after he called for her to do so.

"I was just walking along Daley road, doing my Johns thing, when all of a sudden an innocent 'show us your tits' caused this girl to pull her top up," explained Jaydin. "I just didn't know what to do, I mean, that's never happened before."

"I found it a bit confronting actually - it made me feel quite uncomfortable. I had to put my head down and

walk quickly past her."

The incident has caused some residents to push for an education campaign to be introduced to the community, giving a range of teachings regarding proper behaviour, etiquette and pronunciation.

Other John's students have also expressed their concern at what they perceive as a shift in values.

"It worries me that this behaviour is occurring in public," explained longtime resident 'Robbo'. "It reflects a shift in what people consider to be acceptable."

Another resident added, "It's not really the females we want to see naked anyhow."

WORONI NEEDS YOU!
DO YOU WANT TO WRITE FOR WORONI?
WORONI NEEDS GOOD STRONG WRISTS
JUST LIKE YOURSE TO WRITE
INTERESTING STUFF FOR EVERYONE
ELSE TO READ.
SO DONT BE A ZERO, BE A HERO!
CONTACT PETE AT
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WORONI NEWS

ANU NUMBER ONE, BABY!

Students at the Australian National University have gone wild after the University cemented its place as a world leader in Science and Humanities in the latest Melbourne Institute of Applied Economic and Social Research rankings.

Since hearing the good news students have been jubilant. One ANU Arts student, Roger, gushed of the Uni, "I always knew it was the best. The English courses are awesome and the Economic tutorial staff rock! And I really love the buildings!"

Another, Sarah, suggested that the University's famous "harmony Thursdays" helped explain the triumph. For Arts and Humanities, ANU ranked number one in overall performance, ahead of Melbourne and Sydney. La Trobe came seventh. Melbourne came first in Business and Economics - ahead of the University of NSW and ANU - and first in Law and Medicine. ANU also led the field in Science, ahead of Sydney,

Melbourne and UQ. The prominence of the ANU and Melbourne in the ranking is in line with previous overseas rankings. For example, in this year's Shanghai Jiao Tong University rankings, ANU was 54 and Melbourne 78. In the Times' Higher Education ranking ANU was 16 and Melbourne 22, ahead of Sydney on 35.

After the Shanghai ranking, the ANU Vice-chancellor, Ian Chubb, was sighted wearing a T-shirt with 'Kiss my face!' written across the chest. Students await his reaction to the Melbourne Institute victory.

ANU SCIENTISTS OUTWIT MOTHER-FUCKING SNAKES

The mystery surrounding a snake that undergoes a spectacular colour change



has been solved by ANU ecologists, who have found that the skin of the green python - which begins life either bright yellow or red - transforms to blend into a new habitat as the snake gets older.

Dr David Wilson and Dr Robert Heinsohn from the Centre for Resource and Environmental Studies at ANU, with Professor John Endler of Exeter University, solved the mystery after a three year study radio-tracking the green python at Cape York Peninsula.

For the study the researchers radio-tracked a large number of juvenile and adult pythons and analysed their colours using advanced spectrophotometry.

To their surprise, they found that the brightly coloured youngsters live in a completely different habitat to the older snakes. The juveniles remained

outside the rainforest where they hunted small prey such as skinks and cockroaches, whereas the adults moved into the rainforest canopy to hunt rodents and birds.

The juvenile yellow and red colour allows them to blend in remarkably well with the multi-coloured leaves and grass at the forest edge. The adult green allows them to hide from their predators as they hunt for birds and rodents in the canopy.

BARNEY FORAN ASKS, WHAT THE FUCK?

The former leader of CSIRO's resources futures program says Australia has lost the plot on environmental issues.

Scientist Barney Foran says the State of the Environment report released yesterday shows a continuing decline of awareness and concern about the environment.

He says it also shows Australia's concentration on economic issues overshadows concerns about the impact of economic growth and the population increase that underpins it.

"When you look at all the bits in the report, there's no doubt that in just about every theme of the report, that's six out of eight, I have the overwhelming view that we are consuming our children's and our grandchildren's future," he said.

Mr Foran, who is a visiting fellow at the Australian National University (ANU) Resource and Environmental Studies Centre, says planning for the environmental future is subservient to economic growth.

"A wonderful graph hidden in the bowels of the report, in the human settlements part, shows a constant decline in environmental awareness or concern about the environment," he said.



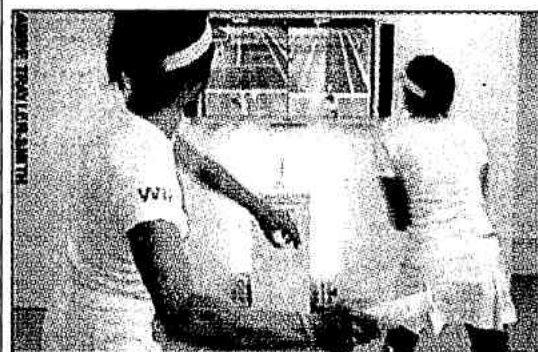
LEFT-HANDERS ARE BETTER WII PLAYERS, SAYS ANU ACADEMIC

Left-handed people often perform better than right-handers at fast or difficult tasks that involve lots of information or stimuli, new research suggests.

Dr Nick Cherbuin and his colleagues from the Australian National University have unleashed a bombshell on the gaming community by suggesting that left-handers might be better at playing fast computer games, an activity that needs both hemispheres of the brain to process information.

Research shows that the left and right hemispheres communicate and work together better in left-handers, as information transfers from one to the other slightly faster and perhaps more efficiently.

Woroni editor Pete Davis has started quoting the study in defence of his inability to play Wii tennis.



ANU DARTS CLUB PRESENTS

Hidden amongst the picturesque islands of Lake Burley Griffin is a world where fantasy meets reality. Alcoholic waterfalls cascade amongst the Subway rich vegetation, while the natives dance to the beat of a Disc Jockey.

Dress as your fantasy and join us as we go in search of this island party.

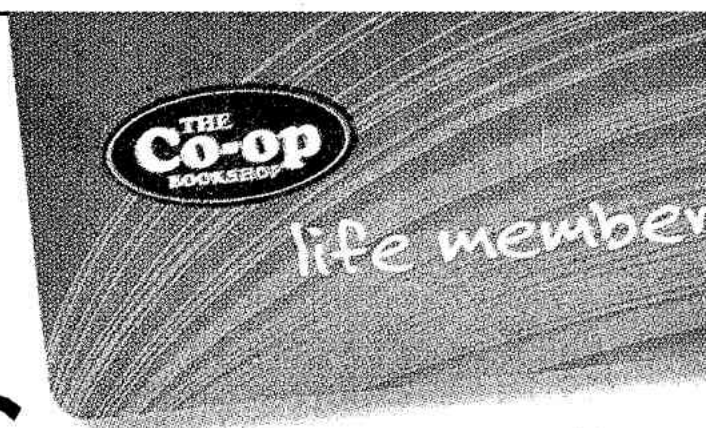
Friday 15th February

\$50

Tickets - College Reps, Darts Club Market Day stall or David Wright (0409395932)

Darts Always on target to score!

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Drunken people crossing

Merlekin

WATER

- *Events
- *Competitions
- *Advice
- *Memories



ō wèek!



12th mōn

10am-12pm - Ticket Sales for O'WEEK events: Union Court.

Union Court - Meet Student Reps; + FREE BBQ! + Mini Market day + music

2pm-3pm NUTS - ANU theatre group perform - Union Court.

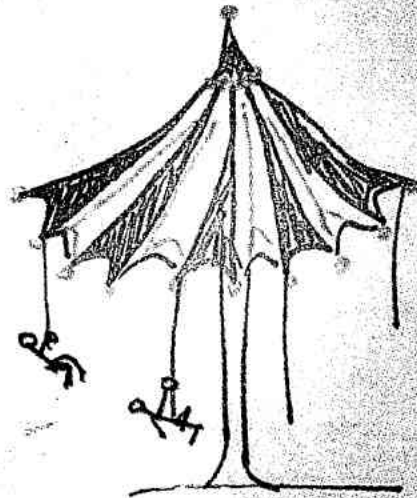
6pm - LATE *BAR CRAWL* - discover Canberra's Night life!

8pm - ANU theatre Group FREE Movie @ Coombs Theatre!

13th tues

11am-4pm

CARNIVAL DAY ← RIDES
↑ MEET NEW PEOPLE
↑ FOOD
↑ GAMES



5pm-6pm Comedy Hour - Local & National Acts ANU BAR

6pm-8:30pm

Politics in the Pub - Hear what our friends on Capitol Hill have to say ... on a not so serious note.

8pm - Late THEMED NIGHT!

@ one of Canberra's premier Night spots.

14th wed VALENTINES DAY!

5pm-6pm Speed Dating @ ANU BAR!

10am-4pm MARKET DAY - yay!

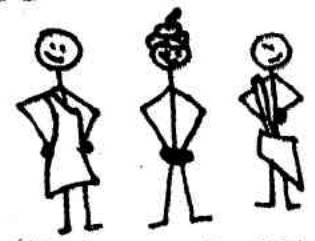
Union Court! Join Clubs & Societies
See the delights of Extra Curricular Activities



6pm-10pm - LSS Pre Toga.

10pm - Late - Burgmann Toga.

Late - La Her - FREE entry to Academy IF You are wearing a toga!



thurs 15th

9am ANU Green Ride to UNI Breakfast!

11am - Jelly Babies BRUNCH

5pm - BATTLE 'O' BANDS

Street Theatre in conjunction with fringe fest).

8pm - Late Band Night @ ANU BAR.

With Major Australian musical talent!



fri 16th

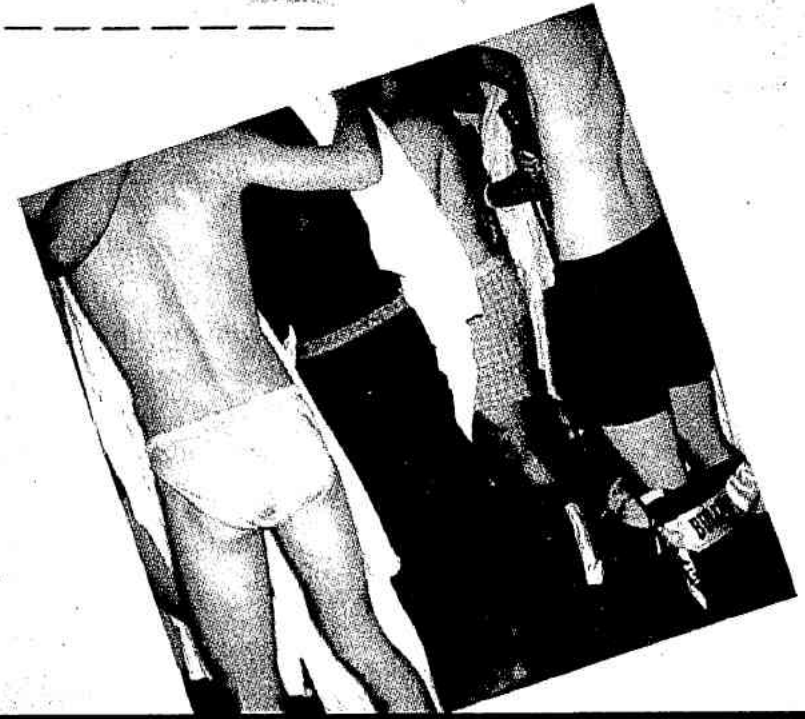
ALL DAY FANTASY ISLAND

(DARTS)

6pm - ANU Film Group Movie Screening.

8pm - Late Half price entry to Academy
for ANU students!

8pm - Late (Potentially 2nd Band Night ANU Bar.)



ADVICE

So here you are at Uni, you've gone through whichever painful process in order to get the UAI necessary for entry, gone through the enrolment process, worried about what clothes are 'Uni' enough to wear, and finally rolled up to Union Court.

But what are you meant to do once you get here? This University is quite literally enormous - it takes up an entire suburb, and it is easy to get a bit overwhelmed and lost when you first get here. The first thing to do may be to get to know the Students Website, students.anu.edu.au. This will give you a lot of useful knowledge about how things work, where things are, and where to go for help. On top of that we endeavour here to give a couple of good bits of advice.

Go to the O-week help programs run by the library, this will familiarise you with the books and that... I don't know what really, never went to one, and as such I always have to hassle a librarian when I need to find a book. But you should go.

Go to all your lectures, tutes, and labs, they're on for a reason. And that reason is not to make you feel guilty as you sit in the beer garden.

Don't plagiarise, it's bad. At the very least, you come out of a course having no idea what just happened, setting you up for hard times in courses to come which rely on that lost knowledge. Worst case, you get kicked out of University.

In the words of Ricky from Trailer Park Boys, "Jail is fuckin' awesome, I fuckin' loved jail." However, you may not enjoy it as much as him. If you do something naughty and need help, go see the SA's free legal advisor - or possibly don't do naughty things in the first place.

Read all the shit the University sends you, especially HECS stuff. If you hate paying your unexpected \$80 phone bill, I think we can all agree that the \$3000 in unexpected Uni fees will give you some seriously bad chi.

Don't be intimidated by anyone at Uni. Chances are the reason that that girl is the paragon of fashion and style is that she spent all her money on clothing and is now poor. Drop some shrapnel on the ground and watch her sacrifice dignity for dinner as she scrabbles for it.

Get Centrelink ASAP, it makes the whole Uni experience infinitely easier and much more enjoyable. Getting them to admit you have met their criteria for support is much like getting blood out of a stone, but once you have it, it fuckin' rocks.

Try everything! Put yourself in a position where you would not normally be, it may be scary at the time, but will be rewarding afterwards (the clubs and societies are good for this!).

Conversation Starters for talking to....

College Students

- "Why does Fenner look so depressing?"
- "Goon is awesome. I love goon. And drinking. I love drinkin'. Fuckin' love it."
- "I really don't care. About anything. Whatever." (Bruce apathy there)

Academics

- "Wow! It's really neat how you've published a book and then made it the prescribed text for the subject you teach... can you lend me \$5?"
- "Is it true that you're only here because you were unable to leave University and deal with the real world?"

Mature Age Students

- "I think the best thing about being a mature-aged student is that you know everything."
- "Oh, I can't wait to tell some anecdotes about my life, then vaguely relate them back to the course material."

Post-grads

- "Aren't these undergraduates dirty? I plan to have nothing to do with them for the whole year, or the University for that matter."

Engineers

- "Please don't touch me."

Arts students

- "Can you make me a coffee? What? You don't know how? Better start learning."

OH THE HORRORS...

Pick up tips

- If you offer to buy a drink, make sure you have the money for it. This is classic schoolboy error - a little preparation goes a long way.
- The best pickup line is "Hi".
- Euphemisms are key, you're only going back to her room to 'watch a movie', and god help you if you suggest it's for anything else.
- Don't let mum dress you. This annoyed me the first time I had to deal with it too, but I guess at 18 you do need to break away from the family a bit.
- Many make the mistake of looking as cool as possible in the general vicinity of the person they're interested in. Just remember the other person is doing this as well, so unless you're planning to cut that shit out it's time to read "The art of loving yourself".
- Uh... according to becomea-player.com, the 'player' should flirt by insulting the girl, but instead of apologising, you should just leave the insult out there. Good luck with that one.
- Be careful, if you're going off with someone who you've just met, make sure at least someone knows where you are going. This goes for everyone!

Previous years have been a bit hit and miss. I do recall (albeit through a haze of liver-destroying alcoholism) shooting a girl in the face with a water pistol and subsequently being punched in the groin for it at a certain "O-Week Beach Party" event in (let me find my over-worn-and-somewhat-unwashed-wife-beater) 2005. This was also the year I wandered around with a brother of mine armed with a CD player loaded with Autechre tunes whilst he blared out obscenities to passersby via a mega phone. Immediately following, I drunkenly harassed the 'Chaser crew' and Sarah Blasko to sign my shorts of that fateful Wednesday afternoon, which will one day become a high-profile Ebay item. All in all, it was a good year for O-week (ignoring the over-budget factor).

2006 on the other hand was somewhat of a downer. It did have it's moments, but they seemed to have been overshadowed by previous years, so much so that I fail to recall any. One thing that does remain in my mind is rocking up to the annual Burgmann Toga Party with numerous bags of goon, only to discover the party had migrated to Academy due to the rain. Long story short, we got drunk and waded across the river and rolled around in the wet grass, something of an adventure for any budding Uni student willing to brave the cancerous waters of Sullivan's Creek.

So! O-Week, eh? O-week really isn't a week of Uni, so stop going to those introductory lectures and smash the bar. You'll probably find all the people in the know there anyway, as they've been there, done that, and know that introductions can be scabbed from others who actually went. Drink and be merry, as you're in uni; beyond that you will move into the daily grind. Savour this for every drop.

- Geoff



WORONI

A PLACE CALLED HOME

Alright, so you're at this party. You're enjoying a cold one when -- oh dang -- you hear someone say that he knows the drummer from Jet. You size him up. His haircut and popped collar confirm your suspicions.

You are dealing with A Dude From A Big City.

You've seen this before. Shit is about to go down. Your brain can only pose one question:

What part of Canberra will this DFABC rip into first?

Will he warm up the crowd with the roundabouts-porn-fireworks triptych? Or will he dive straight in, dissing our public servants?

Only one thing is for sure: you have to get the first word in.

It's a common scenario, played out every day across our fair city. And if you -- the few, the brave, the valiant -- have tried to defend Canberra... well, Lord knows it ain't easy.

Did you try preaching the gospel of We Have Many Public Parks? Or did you sing the praises of How it's Hard to be Fired Once You're in the Public Service? I don't want to know. Let's put those days behind us.

Please.

I don't want you to ever be in that situation again.

The tour begins

To find out what impresses these Ds from the B Cs, I, Tony Brewer, took a drive to Civic YHA. If I was to find out what aspects of our city would impress a non-Canberran, I knew I had to bring a fresh eye into the game.

I needed to take someone on a tour.

The fates were smiling on me that day, for it took only two hours of sitting in the YHA lobby before I met Larry Alderman of Wisconsin, USA (pictured in the red shorts).

Larry was keen to take the tour (who in his right mind wouldn't be?) and a sly twenty only sweetened the deal.

It was still morning when we set off. But, in my excitement, I had forgotten the most important meal of the day. Ain't that the way. With my blood sugar dropping, I had to act fast.

We crossed the road to the Civic bakery where I treated Larry to a lamington and we shared a carton of Sunrise orange juice. Canberra hospitality, you know? It went down... smoothly.

Now energised, it was time to blow Larry's mind by exposing him to the cream of Canberra's public art installations.

Obviously, our first stop was the wall that talks and makes animal noises. Luckily, no one seems to stop at that wall, so we had it to ourselves!

After several trips up and down the wall, making sure Larry heard all the noises, I knew the day was going to be good.

Continuing the animal theme, we headed across to the sheep that is offering itself to another sheep. This one always wows the visitors, and a few well-timed jokes saw Larry crack his first smile of the day.

(Tip: Be sure to rehearse some sheep jokes before making this stop. If you don't know any sheep jokes, mentioning New Zealanders will do in a pinch.)

Being a beautifully planned city, we picked off three more Canberran landmarks in mere minutes: the carousel, the site where there used to be a cube that lit up when shouted at, and the guy who's always busking outside Dick Smith.

Larry hardly knew what had hit him. It was cultural overload.

A tour is like sex

Having opened with a lot of my best material, I began to worry that I could not sustain the excitement. I decided that, much like when I make love to a fine, fine lady, it was time to slow things down a bit.

We thus enjoyed a leisurely stroll down Civic's East Row, taking in the sights of the nightclub shopfronts. At 1pm they were all closed, but I covered for this fact by dazzling Larry with tales of wild nights that my friends had overheard. Those ADFA boys sure get up to some hijinks!

Continuing with my sex analogy, it was time for a bit of thigh stroking. That is to say, a trip to Gloria Jean's.

And that is where things took a turn for the worse.

The waitress must have gotten our orders mixed up, so when I downed what I thought was a soy decaf cappuccino, I had something like 3,000 ounces of pure caffeine wired to my brain (not to mention the problems caused by my lactose intolerance!).

The next hour of the tour is, to be honest, a haze. According to Larry,



I took him on a chain-store binge.

Combining Larry's and other eye-witness accounts, we can construct the following sequence of stores visited: Jeans West, Just Jeans, Myers, Jeans West (again), and Big W.

When the haze cleared, Larry was very understanding. But beyond Larry's well-being was a greater concern: I had just blown some of my biggest draw cards in a caffeine-fueled craze. Where would we go next?

I had given Larry lamingtons, OJ, a metallic sheep, thigh stroking (not literally, see above), and more chain stores than a decaffeinated man should have to deal with. So how could I top all that?

Landmarks

Yes, tourists love landmarks, and I loved this tourist, and so by the rules of sweet reason, I knew where we had to go. More importantly, I knew the best mode of transport!

I've always said that ACTION bus 34 offers one of the world's greatest public transport experiences. Its passengers are treated to a smorgasbord of Canberra's landmarks: the Captain Cook Memorial fountain, Lake Burley Griffin, the lakeside mausoleums, and the offices of the most senior public servants in the country.

Furthermore, the trip was just long enough for me to explain the merits of the new green series of buses, with their air-conditioning, gas-fuelled engines, and bicycle transport ability. Larry was speechless. I guess Wisconsin has some catching up to do!

At the end of our bus ride lay what should have been the greatest stop on the tour: Federal Parliament.

Sadly, this proved to be underwhelming. Our tour guide was old, unattractive, and poorly versed in national politics.

Compounding these considerable problems, it was the holidays. This meant that the houses were not sitting! The stop was a far cry from Parliament's regular excitement.

Though things looked grim, I was spurred on by the thought of hipsters rubbishing Canberra at parties all over this town. I had to press on!

Continuing the tour at Albert Hall, Larry's disappointment over Parliament House was lessened by the smell of oh-so-reasonably-priced leather goods. Who doesn't love brand names at bargain prices?

Hipsters, that's who. But I digress.

A few purchases later, the tour was back on strong. We headed, on foot, over the Commonwealth Bridge.

It was a magical, unscripted, Canberra moment as we were both kissed by the breeze-blown fountain.

As the droplets fell upon me I knew I had succeeded: the tour had been a triumph. But there was one more stop to go...

It had been hours since we last ate and I felt I had to leave Larry with a sated appetite. Thus it was time to show this American that Canberra can play with the big boys. We entered the new Borders store, and headed towards the coffee shop inside the bookshop.

Reader, I can tell you I needed no sugar in my soy decaf flat white: it was sweetened with success.

The times, they are a-changin'...

Yes, things are changing in Canberra.

We have a new shopping centre, a new library, and a coffee shop inside a bookstore.

Dare I say it, we have a new confidence.

As I write this, excitement is spreading throughout the American state of Wisconsin.

But I am only one man (Tony Brewer) and I need your help. The next time you meet an DFABC, take them on this tour. We just got a new batch of college kids, so let's start there.

From Bowral to Bombay, we'll spread the word - Canberra has shed its baby fat and can look quite fetching in the right light, with a little chapstick and eyeshadow.

And if we all do this, together, as one big loving group, eventually word will seep to the big cities, and we'll bring those hipsters down.

We'll bring them down to Chinatown.

Success!

TONY BREWER TAKES A STROLL AROUND CANBERRA. "HEY," SAYS TONY, "WHY NOT JOIN ME? SO YOU DO. AND YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH THIS TREE-LINED HAVEN... ALL OVER AGAIN."

FOUNTAIN.



I began an article for the 1977 O-Week Women's magazine. In between falling asleep in the library and bunking in the shabby, the fresher may well discover the Food Co-op.

God, how last millennium is that?!

Mind you, the Co-op was a little easier to find back then, occupying the space on the ground floor of the Students Union which is now occupied by the bike shop.

minimal environmental impact, six-green-star from one side to the other, with permaculture gardens in between the buildings and populated by people committed to making the changes we have to make before environmental collapse forces us to make them, if we still can. At the heart of the precinct should be the ANU Food Co-op.

But that's another story. You can read it on the Co-op's web page

at <http://www.anu.foodco-op.com>

Also, being a more activist age, the combination of alternatives the Co-op represented (alternatives to conventional diet, to conventional commercial practices and to conventional disregard for environmental consequences) hit all the right buttons for many new students.

Those were the years we grew to be the largest retail purveyor of health foods in the southern hemisphere, and we did that without the organic fresh fruit and veg section which accounts for most of our sales today. All entirely on volunteer labour - nobody got paid a cent (or a point or a voucher or a discount). Nobody.

Today we may pay a few people a pittance, but we've survived to turn 31 this year, and remain the ANU's best-kept secret. Still offering minimally processed food (often grown without anything artificial) and supplied in bulk to shoppers who bring their own containers, if not their own produce. Still food for people, not for profit - and still pretty cheap.

The Co-op is more than just a working example of a sustainable way for a community to feed itself. For the last two years we have been at the centre of concern over the redevelopment of the City West precinct (which we now call home and which is now called ANU Exchange), several blocks of commercial buildings to be on land owned by the ACTU, developed by the ANU. There is concern that the development will not only leave us out in the cold, but also that it will not meet sustainability principles.

This is a great opportunity for all of us to see a commercial precinct planned and built for sustainability principles.

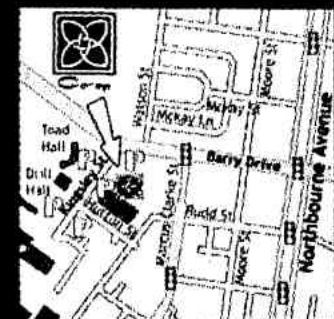
10am - 4pm Wednesdays
10am - 4pm Thursdays
10am - 4pm Fridays

But don't just visit us on the web. Come and see us in person (map below). Snack on something good for the inner environment as well as the outer one. See how much better organically-grown fruit tastes.

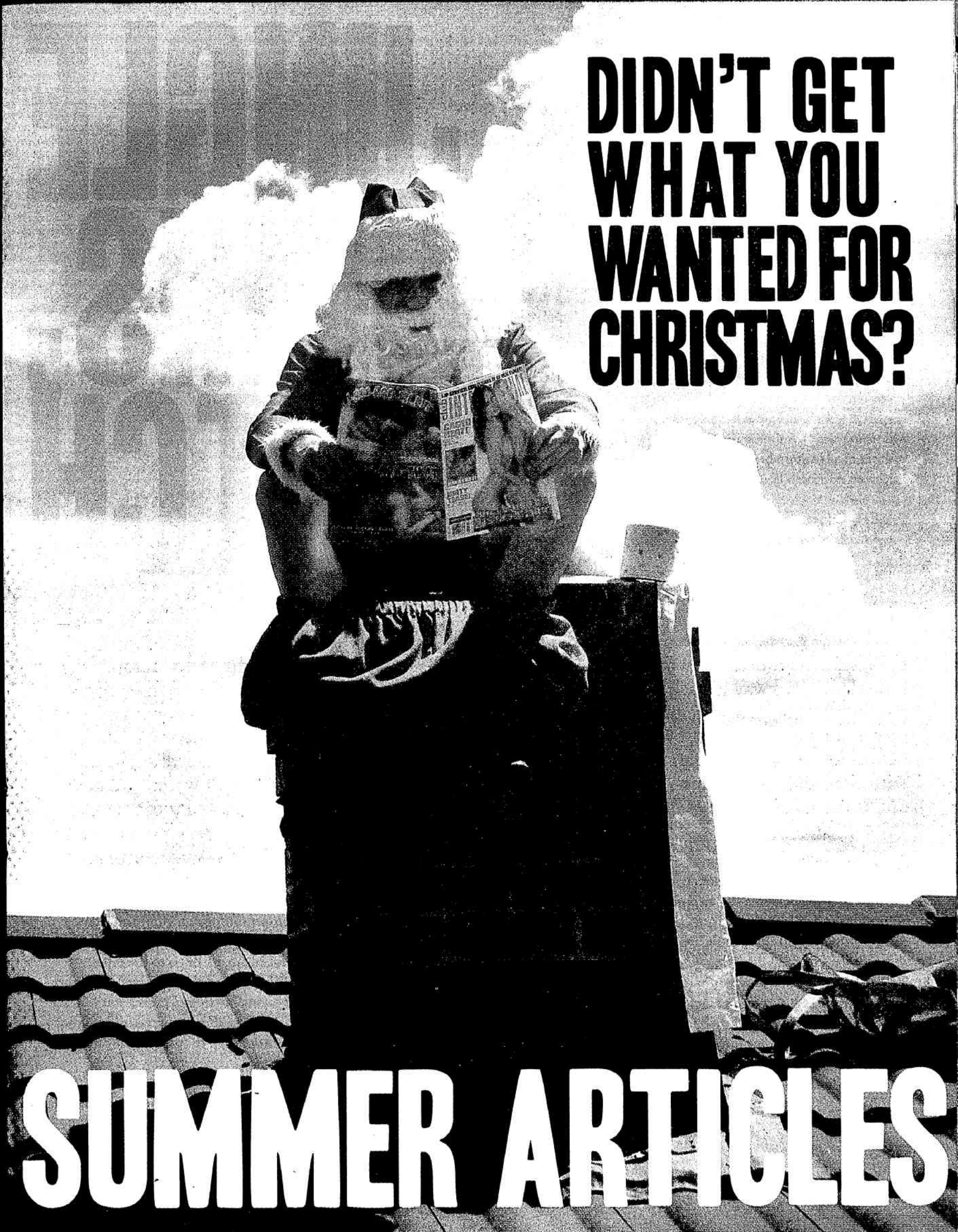
You don't have to be a member to shop, it's just cheaper if you are - and even cheaper if you're a working member.

Come and cooperate in feeding yourself and your (new?) community. Orientate yourself for a sustainable future. It may be the only alternative.

Greg Carman
Founding member, ANU Nutrition Society (Food Co-op), 1976
Treasurer, ANU Food Cooperative Limited, 2005-07
President, ROCKS, 2006-07



THE COOPERATIVE FOOD SHOP



**DIDN'T GET
WHAT YOU
WANTED FOR
CHRISTMAS?**

SUMMER ARTICLES

JINGLE THIS, BITCH

8.45 Monday morning, two weeks before Christmas 2007. Birds chirp, children play before school, the Parkway is packed with swearing commuters who failed to take notice of the roadwork signs that were put up a month ago. In a dark backroom of a Canberra shopping centre, a figure sits silent, brow knitted, and contemplates the day ahead. He is wearing a fake belly, a long white beard and wig, grey eyebrow makeup and a red suit that was not thought up with the Australian summer in mind. He picks up his bell, has one last drink of water, and goes out to the waiting masses. That's right kiddies, Santa works 9 to 5, just like Dolly Parton.

At 21, I was the youngest person at Santa School by about thirty years. I walked into a small conference room containing five or six slightly different looking old men with big bellies and grey hair. Four of them had long beards and glasses, and three of them had bikie tattoos. (FACT: 75% of Santas are bikies. I have nightmares about swarms of these guys riding down the highway on their 500cc Sleighs, running down innocent pedestrians with a jolly laugh.) I met a few, and by and large, they are great blokes, most of whom have been doing the job for between four and ten years. One bloke has been doing it for thirty years, and I have to wonder whether it has gone to his head - he has a long white beard and he is almost spherical.

Then the two hour Santa School experience commenced, during which I learned the names of the reindeers (Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Donner, Blitzen, Comet, Cupid, Vixen. Rudolph is apparently only a support reindeer for foggy nights) and what to say if a child says I'm not really Santa ("Come over here and say that, bitch"). Santa does not eat, drink or go to the toilet, lunch breaks are when Santa "goes to feed the reindeers". Another important discovery was that saying "ho ho ho" makes you feel like a bit of a berk. However, the most shocking revelation of the evening's education was when they began to teach us the official extent of Santa's magical powers.

Apparently Santa is no longer the ultimate arbiter of present-giving discretion: he has been usurped by the evil doctrine of Politically

IT IS ALSO WORTH MENTIONING THE 86 YEAR OLD ITALIAN WIDOW WHO CAME IN AND SAID, "WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOUNG, DUMB, SEXY AND A BILLIONAIRE."

Correct Parenting, which suggests that it is no longer appropriate to bribe kids into being good by promising them presents if they behave themselves. You don't need to watch out or take care any more, because even if Santa is coming to town, even if he does know if you're bad or good, he can't do anything about it.

Your child's mind will be warped by being promised a reward for good behaviour? Surely then it's better to let them fry their brains in front of a computer all bloody day so they lose the capacity to think at all, let alone misbehave. Mind you, I was both bribed and put in front of the computer, and neither have done me any lasting damage, so perhaps we should just let people get on with it without politically correct bubble-wrap bullshit, and not try to undermine the institution of Santa by removing his omnipotent behavioural detection powers.

Unfortunately, as I was soon to discover, there are some things that Santa School does not prepare you for - among them, women, heat and nutcase parents.

What do you do when a pretty woman comes in and asks for a man for Christmas? I thought the only appropriate answer was "I get off at 10". A week later, my sister came home and told me that the instructor of her cycle class had told them a story about a Santa who had propositioned her. Canberra really is a very, very small place. It is also worth mentioning the 86 year old Italian widow who came in and said, "What I want for Christmas is young, dumb, sexy and a billionaire."

What do you do when it is forty degrees outside, and you have to put on four thick layers of clothing to make kids happy? Answer: you get bloody hot. Imagine sitting in a sauna wearing a sumo suit and a balaclava, whilst being slowly steam-ironed, and you have some idea of just how painful it can be to be a Santa.

What do you do when just about every parent is a complete and utter nutcase? There is an industry legend that two years ago a former bouncer was hired as a Santa by a major shopping centre. One day he turned up to work drunk and sweaty, and someone marched in, snapped at him to sit up straight for a photo and threw a child at him. The parent then proceeded to shout at the child for not smiling, causing the child to burst into tears. Then the parent blamed the photographer for not taking the photo while their child was smiling. Santa gave the kid a nice smile and a candy cane, placed him back in his pram, punched the father out cold and went home.



Having had similar experiences with dickhead parents, I am somewhat sympathetic, and I have come to the conclusion that there are two types of people in this world - those that force their kids get Santa photos, and those that don't. By and large, the former are arseholes and the latter are quite nice. The former are also the kind of people who don't like Santa asking their kids if they've been naughty or nice. In fact, they just don't want their kids to talk to Santa. They also tend to give their kids last names as first names... like MacKenzie, Cooper, Tyler and Connor. And don't get me started on American states as names. The number of times I had to fight the instinct to say "We called the dog Indiana" in a Sean Connery voice defies belief. (Strangely, while I have had a Chicago, a Nevada and a Massachusetts, I wait in vain for a Texas.)

The only thing that matters to this particular type of parent is the photo, and the fact that the child is either terrified by Santa or desperate to tell him what they want for Christmas is a subsidiary requirement to that of the photograph (which nine times out of ten looks bloody awful and tacky anyway). These people forget that Santa, and indeed the enslaving commercial monster that Christmas has become, is focused on children, new life and the joy of family, not about scaring the bejesus out of your infant by making them sit on the knee of some fat old man. Perhaps *their* parents forced them to see Santa against their wishes, propagating a vicious cycle of Santa-abuse. Perhaps they are on drugs. Perhaps they are deranged. But is anyone doing anything about it? Apparently not. For some reason they are allowed to roam free throughout the world, devoid of Hannibal Lecter face masks and devoid of straight jackets, dragging their children behind them on retractable leads and reading 'Santa' as 'Serf'.

Finally, I have taken enough abuse. I have ho'd my last ho. I have jingled my last bell, and I have decided to commence the revolution at 9.00am AEST 15/11/2007. I will revitalise the institution that is Santa, and I will put an end to ridiculous people being allowed to breed. I will start by asking kids if they have been bad or good, despite my orders. Then I will start telling fat kids that they have to do star jumps while asking me for presents rather than suffering the pain of cracked thighbones and twisted kneecaps. I will be rude to parents who are rude to me, and I will be nice only to people who give their children good old fashioned names - like William, Mohammed, Franz and New South Wales. Finally, like the guy who wore a silly mask in the movie where Natalie Portman had a shaved head, I will overthrow the government by running for king and restore common sense to the world and reinstate Santa's powers to give and to take away, like a jolly red grim reaper.

Once more shall Santa rule the hearts and minds of our youngsters! Once more shall Christmas have value for people other than photographers! Once more shall the white-gloved hand rule with an iron grip!

So remember boys and girls, next year, you'd better watch out, you'd better take care. Because Santa Claus is coming to town, and he's really pissed off.

■ James Fisher

A SUMMER SANS

This summer Aazyade Imatra von Blanche (this is possibly a penname) got naked at her local creek. She claims it was for art but we're not so sure. Always one to tantalise, she submitted this account of the allure of nudity and her stint as a life model.

My grandfather once owned a nude ping-pong parlour in Vienna. Of all his entrepreneurial undertakings, this one is my favourite. He was young, frivolous, and intoxicated by the beauty of naked bodies. Indeed, in my own youth (ongoing) I seem to recall summer holidays, not always by location, but by the kinds of naked women (and sometimes men) which abounded.

Shamelessly leathery, perma-tanned elderly women? The Donau Insel, Vienna. Beautiful young things whom everyone delighted in and wanted to kiss? Dubrovnik. Goddesses of an altogether modern (and tragic) kind with designer sunglasses, bikinis sans bikini tops and acrylic nails? Santorini. A place where discretion prevailed and nudity, if at all, was saved for the safe embrace of the bedroom? Why, the Amalfi coast. Finally, the country where (with the exception of a handful of unsatisfactory allotments of land for nudists) swimwear reigns supreme? Australia.

The place which conjures up the most intriguing kind of nudity however, nudity for art's sake as it were, is Paris. Forget the chicly attired Parisian women from the ateliers of the present day - I am interested in she who wears nothing at all: that down-and-out species (a la George Orwell) of Left Bank luxe. From Hedi Slimane's nude photographs to representations of the erotic in literature, there is something about the naked form that has put, and kept, me in raptures.

My first dalliance with nudity as a kind of abstraction was when I encountered Anais Nin's short erotic story *The Model*. The beauty Nin conveys in her telling of a young life model is almost cruel, from the innuendo of desire not yet consummated to the delicate and almost insipid use of rouge, not to feign a facial blush but for something else altogether. The tale is not about life modelling per se; this little girl is a sexual innocent, a debutante toffee apple - hesitant as she begins the descent into the bowl of boiling, merciless treacle which threatens to consume and disfigure her original self.

It might have been profound for me, but I was too young to appreciate the eroticism. I simply adored the straight-forward nuggets of the story - that there was a life model who, as an artist's accessory, became an object of creative life. Oh, the way Nin described it all: the naked flesh, cigarette smoke, and the head-reel one feels upon entering a studio where the air is hung heavy with the weight of oil paint.

While I would never answer, "A life model, of course," when asked "And what would you like to be when you grow up?", the 'profession', if indeed it is one, was of enormous interest to me. This fascination saw me taking life-drawing classes at one point in time - scorning one particular model that had the audacity to ruin my Parisian fantasies by sporting several rather uninspired genital piercings. While I was sometimes disappointed with the models, I continued to find the naked subject infinitely fascinating.

“WHAT DID I EXPECT? TORMENTED ARTISTS WEARING DIRTY SMOCKS AND SMOKING UNFILTERED CAMELS? AND TO BECOME MUSE AND COURTESAN TO ONE OF THEM?”

This summer, on the property where I live, I discovered a new walk that took me down to the Murrumbidgee River. With its thick bar of river sand, frighteningly large fish and large protruding rocks, this became a place of respite - to read, bathe, or recline languid and lizard-like on the warm rocks by myself, or in discreet company.

One artist friend came one hazy afternoon to do some sketching, primarily of the river and fields, but those of us that played at being unclad wood nymphs became immortalized in charcoal. Asked by this same gentleman a few days later to do some life-modelling for an institution of no discernible reputation, I did not feel it was fitting to disregard the honorary duties of friendship, and so duly accepted. Soon after I ran the idea past my boyfriend, and all his colleagues at his work Christmas party too. Not one of them seemed to mind, the dears.

The experience (continuing) is not as Nin has portrayed it, for obvious reasons. The circumstances could not be more different. What did I expect? Tormented artists wearing dirty smocks and smoking unfiltered Camels? And to become muse and courtesan to one of them? Yes. It was not so wildly out of my absurd comprehension of 'reasonable possibility' that I would become Caroline to a budding Lucian Freud. But sometimes one's expectations simply are not met. At least it was better than spending a summer in a law firm.

No matter, I've got a handful or so of classes to go and then, a decision: stay for the first round of classes in 2007? I think I shall have to decline. I don't think anyone in the class particularly fancied me anyway. While I was described as a woman of 'classical proportions' by the instructor (read: not gorgeously thin), the people in the class could not have cared less either way and were prone to exaggerating my physique in their sketches as it was. Furthermore, in silent rebellion I left clouds of Diptyque's Philosykos in my wake to prove that I really wasn't naked after all if I was wearing a particularly pungent Grecian fig perfume, and sadly heard someone remark that I smelt weird.

So, it has been a summer spent largely writhing about on a bed sheet (by myself), holding uncomfortable poses (again, alone) and ultimately coming to the realisation that sometimes people don't care about your nudity if you're not a Circassian beauty. I decided that this was not the way to fame and fabulousness (nor fortune), and that exhibitionism of this kind only serves a novel usefulness in sport (ping-pong) and with friends at infamous 'naked river parties'. Incidentally, these parties really are very thrilling, so the invite remains open; it's at a spot near the creek's fork (we're the group without clothes). Bring a throw rug and a cheese platter.



Facilities and Services

IMPORTANT NOTICE

PARKING PERMITS 2007

The Transport Reference Group met during 2006 to review arrangements for parking on campus and the parking permit fees for the coming year. The recommendations were discussed at public meetings and have been approved by the University.

Staff Surface Permit -Full Year	\$290.40 (incl. GST) or
*per month, or part thereof	\$29.70 (\$5.50 admin fee & GST included)
Student Surface Permit - January to December	\$160.80 (incl. GST) or
for Teaching Year (February - November)	\$134.00 (exempt from admin fee) (incl. GST)
*per month, or part thereof	\$18.90
(\$5.50 admin fee & GST included)	

An administration fee of \$5.50 (incl. GST) per issue will generally be charged where a full-time student chooses to purchase a permit for a period less than the full year, or the teaching year, February to November. It will not be charged for full time students enrolled in short-term courses within the calendar year provided the student obtains a permit for the entire duration of the course. A one-month student permit (or part thereof) will cost \$18.90 (\$13.40 plus \$5.50 incl. GST).

*The administration fee of \$5.50 (incl. GST) will generally be charged where a **staff member** chooses to purchase a permit for a period less than his/her appointment during the year. This additional fee will not be charged for limited term appointments, provided the staff member obtains a permit for the full duration of their appointment.

All **full-time Graduate students** are eligible for either a Student or a Staff 2007 parking permit.

All **full-time Undergraduate students** are eligible for a 2007 student parking permit.

Part-time students, who have a valid DSS Health Care Card, or are resident in a Hall or College, are also eligible for a student permit.

Changes to Residential Parking in 2007

From 1st January 2007, Residential permits will allow the holder to park ONLY in the Hall or College car park adjacent to, or aligned with, their residence.

The exception to this is that eligible residents may also apply for a permit to park in a multi-storey car parking station.

The brown coloured rondel label will no longer be issued, but will be replaced with a new permit label, which will identify the residential permit holder by the permit area and the year of issue.

Part-time Students - Voucher 'Pay & Display' parking areas and extended time-limited areas have been set aside for part-time students and visitors. The fees for the voucher 'Pay & Display' car parks located in Sullivans Creek Road, Fellows Road, South Oval and Brian Lewis Crescent have been set at;

\$1.20 per hour or
\$6.50 for the full day.

Note: Two additional voucher 'Pay & Display' car parks are located in Childers Street behind the Baldessin Precinct Building. ACT parking rates are applicable in this area. The rate varies from \$1.20 for the first hour to \$7.50 for the full day.

Extended Time-limited parking - 2¼ hour parking is permitted at North Oval. The entrance to this car

park is off McCaughey Street. In addition, a number of 2-hour parking zones are located throughout the campus.

Kingsley Street, Baldessin & Dickson Precinct Parking Station Permits:

A Parking Station permit entitles the permit holder to park ONLY in their allocated reserved bay within the Parking Station.

NB: Students purchasing an undercover parking station permit must purchase the permit for the full year, i.e. January to December.

Re-enrolling students who hold a current full-year Parking Station Permit and wish to retain the reserved space for the following year must complete their re-enrolment and renewal of their Parking Station permit by **12th January 2007**. Parking Station permits not renewed by this date will become available for release to the next person on the waiting list.

The fee for a reserved undercover space in an ANU parking station from 1 January is: -

Staff Undercover Parking Station Permit Only	\$534.60 (incl. GST)
Student Undercover Parking Station Permit Only	\$415.80 (incl. GST)
Student Top Level Parking Station Permit Only	\$283.80 (incl. GST)

Parking Station plus Surface Permit: (additional premium fee)

Where an ANU Staff member or student wishes to park in an ANU Parking Station and **additionally** in a surface car park, they must demonstrate a need for this permit type. Either the Director/Dean/Head of department or Course Supervisor must endorse the written application before it is lodged with Parking Administration, for review by Senior Management.

Staff Undercover Parking Station plus Surface Permit	\$640.20 (incl. GST)
Student Undercover Parking Station plus Surface Permit	\$521.40 (incl. GST)
Student Parking Station Top Level plus Surface Permit	\$389.40 (incl. GST)

All Parking permit application forms may be found on the web at:
<http://transport.anu.edu.au/Driving/Parking/Students.html#forms>

Cash Payment - Cash payments should be made directly to the Transport Administration Office between 9:00am and 4:30pm, Monday to Friday. Please do not send cash through the mail.

NOTE – ONLINE BPAY – Enrolled Students and Staff

Staff wishing to apply for, view, or alter their current permit details may do so by accessing the Parking Self Service menu via the web by logging on to ANUBIS (via HORUS) and select the Parking Self Service menu item in the Parking Application – <https://anubis.anu.edu.au/>

The option to pay by BPAY is also available online.

Other methods of payment are cheque, credit card, (Mastercard or Visa) or cash. Cheques should be made payable to ANU.

The University parking regulations are enforced. To avoid receiving a parking infringement notice please observe all the University's parking regulations. The ANU Parking and Traffic Statute may be found on the web at:

<http://www.anu.edu.au/cabs/statutes/parkingtrafficstatute.pdf>

For further information please contact Parking Administration on 6125 3649.
Internally ring 53649 or fax 52001

Alex Chryss

Manager, Security and Campus Services



Ian Chubb is the Vice-Chancellor of the ANU and the first recipient of Woroni's prestigious title of Big Man on Campus. Highly awarded since beginning his University career as a neuroscientist, Professor Chubb discusses the importance of tertiary education, the Australian education system, and his favourite type of pie.

Woroni interviews Ian Chubb

Woroni- So, first up, I'd like to ask about being a Vice-Chancellor. What actually is your role?

Vice-Chancellor- Well, you name it. I guess it's providing leadership for an institution like this together with management of the resources of the institution. We had a turnover last year of 800 or so million, so it's a pretty sizeable enterprise that tries to be right up there amongst the world's best.

W- How is it different from the Chancellor? Is that like Queen to Prime Minister?

VC- Yeah, sort of. I don't know that he'd like to be called a Queen.

W- Gotcha, I meant King.

VC- No no, I wasn't talking about it in those terms. I was just thinking those sorts of relative relationships. But generally, the Chancellor is someone who chairs the board, monitors the performance of the place, and the Vice-chancellor is the chief executive.

W- I want to get to talking about higher education in Australia, but before we go there in detail, I wanted to ask you about University: why do the whole University thing? Why should an 18-year-old Australian go to University today?

VC- Well, at its best it provides all sorts of mind tuning and awareness, and provides you with a whole set of life skills that are simply second to none, as well as knowledge, of course. But the knowledge you gain at University has got a relatively short half-life because it changes so rapidly, by the work that we do. It provides

you with a whole set of skills that you can apply to your life, whether in your job or in your life more generally. I think it's an experience that I wish everyone could have. I think that if you had a magic wand you would provide all people with the sort of skills that we offer here.

W- Cool. We'll talk about the magic wand in a bit but for now I want to take you back to an interview you did with Kerry O'Brien on The 7:30 report. He's quoting you here,

Kerry O'Brien: You said today, "We are slowly being made average... enrolling an average number of students into universities of average quality supported by Government at an average level". Is that really where we're headed and how soon?

Professor Ian Chubb: That's pretty close to where we are.

Were you just talking tough to him because you were trying to get money?

VC- No -- I mean, we were trying to get more money. But I have a view that a country like Australia with a small population in a highly competitive world, principally for talent, will lose if you're not prepared to do more than average in terms of the number of students you help to go to university. If you're not prepared to do more than simply fund at average levels, if you're not prepared to expect more than average performance, then you lose.

W- So I should stay enrolled?

VC- Yes, yes. ANU is OK because of the way it has been positioned over the years.

30

W- The context of the quote was the underwhelming public investment in the university sector. What upsets you most about the past 20 years of higher education policy?

VC- I think it's the averaging out in an inappropriate attempt to even things out. I think the Australian public should be proud of the ANU, because I think it does perform up there amongst the world's best. I understand the political system: that no matter how much money you throw at the universities we'd still complain that we didn't have enough. But I think somewhere along the line there has to be an equilibrium between what I say I need and what they say is a fair investment. I think we've slipped too far the other way.

W- What would you say is the major difference between the university experience you had as an undergraduate and the life of a current student at ANU?

VC- Primarily time. I think we had time and, I believe, a lot less pressure. I think that you guys have to work more to sustain yourselves. You have to pay more, you end up with a debt, you get a lot more expectations put on you. Not just within the university but with what happens afterwards in the external community. I think students today work extraordinarily hard. By contrast, I think on average you have a better learning experience than my generation.

W- You mentioned your magic wand before. Let's say you did have a magic wand and you were put in charge of rebuilding the Australian university sector from scratch with total freedom and an enormous budget. What would that system look like?

VC- I'd probably pick the best out of the British and American systems.

W- And what is that?

VC- In the American system there are the different strata of universities. There's a top strata of universities. There's classification of different universities, and relationships between the different levels, where it's widely recognised that certain universities operate at different levels. Whereas in Australia we pretend that they are all of the same standard, when it's as clear as the nose on your face that they aren't. And yet we all get funded at the same rate per student and discipline, which is the levelling down stuff I was talking about earlier.

So you bring in the same amount of money as a counterpart does in another university where they do no research, and yet I've got to fund libraries, research facilities, and other things, for academics to do research as well as your lectures. At other universities they don't have to do that, so it diminishes my capacity in a different way to them, and shifts the relative position of ANU in a way that I don't think is advantageous to Australia. So it's a very complicated issue. But I think we've got to recognise that there are different sorts of universities for different functions. They can perform very well within their role and function, but they're different from an ANU, and we have to recognise that with respect to funding.

W- So from the US you would take the stratification?

VC- Yes. What makes the best of the US system in a number of ways outstanding is that the American community provides lots of resources to those institutions in ways that we don't. I think last year Stanford declared in gifts, donations, and bequests, US\$640 million.

IF I COULD LIVE ON PIES, I'D LIVE ON PIES. BUT I'D BE LIKE A BEACH BALL. MINE'S STEAK AND KIDNEY, AND I WISH I COULD EAT THEM FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH, AND TEA.

W- What did you guys get?

VC- Oh, 3 or 4.

W- You should try Dick Smith, he's nice.

VC- You know, it's a different world. For them the world is their talent pool. Last year Harvard announced that all its graduates would spend one year abroad at Harvard's cost.

W- You're not planning on...

VC- I wish. These are the sorts of things you sit here and think how good would it be to be able to say...

W- So, you don't have the magic wand, with its unlimited funding and freedom. But with what you do have -- a bit of funding and a bit of freedom -- what's your plan for the ANU?

VC- I think that, with the ANU, it's important we express and maintain our values as a university. That we really seek to be an accessible university for students who are willing to put in the effort to succeed, and that we are also a university where the quality of the research done in all our disciplines is up there amongst the worlds best. What will secure the ANU's position into the future is the quality of the work we do, and that gives us influence. I don't have 35,000 students on campus like they do at Sydney, and that ought to be a great benefit. We need to get out there and say, it's a benefit because: a student here is a student in, what is almost, a botanical garden. There's space, there's good staff, good facilities -- nothing perfect, but pretty good.

And we've got to continue to develop new degree programs. We've probably got to have more graduate students than we have at the moment, and so we need to work incrementally to increase their number.

W- Just finally, I'd like to dust off another quote, this one from a "Group of Eight" address you gave,

"We have to persuade government that generating new discoveries without highly trained personnel is like a pie without sauce: edible, but hardly something to die for."

And I was just wondering, what's your favourite kind of pie?

VC- If I could live on pies, I'd live on pies. But I'd be like a beach ball.

W- My favourite is cheese and bacon.

VC- Mine's steak and kidney, and I wish I could eat them for breakfast, lunch, and tea.

The Vice-Chancellor was a big fan of Woroni in 2006

SOLOS

It's fun to say and a lot of things go into it!

Music Reviews
Film Reviews
Book Reveiws
Fashion
Random Page

WORONI

Music.



The Beatles
Love (Parlophone)

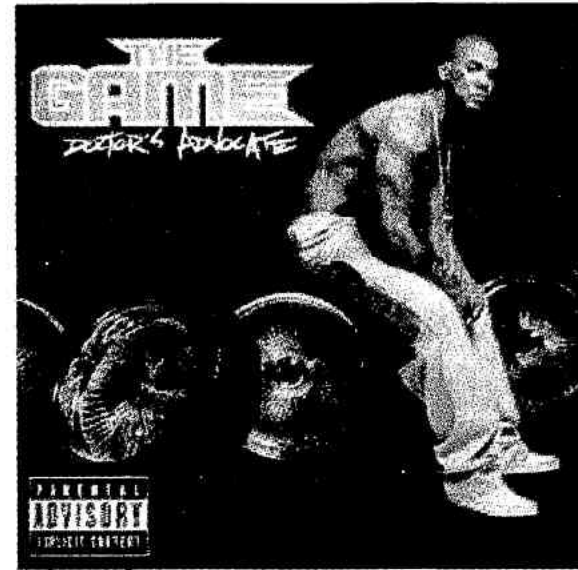
Throughout their career, The Beatles created a world of yellow submarines, strawberry fields and octopuses' gardens - one where gifted songwriters mingled and boundaries were pushed. Love, a sprawling mash-up of 130 different Beatles songs, encapsulates this world in 78 blissful minutes.

Lovingly woven together by producer George Martin and son Giles for the Cirque Du Soleil, Love is an enveloping experience that highlights the cohesive vision of the fabs. Being For the Benefit of Mr Kite, a number seemingly tailor-made for the circus, effortlessly explodes into a chilling apocalyptic refrain of I Want You (She's So Heavy) and Helter Skelter. Lennon and Harrison's contrasting sitar pop attempts (Tomorrow Never Knows and Within You Without You) are a match made in heaven while Drive My Car, The Word and What You're Doing meld seamlessly as the album's best track.

Some classic songs remain untouched but for sound restoration, allowing individual layers to be heard with new clarity and highlighting the brilliance of Martin Snr's original production.

This project is The Beatles heard through kaleidoscope ears, a thrilling testament to their life-affirming vision of music, peace and, above all, love.

-NICK CRAVEN



The Game
Doctor's Advocate (Geffen)

With The O.C gasping it's last dramatic breath, The Game delivers a well-timed soap opera to satisfy our voyeuristic needs. His follow-up to 2005's The Documentary comes after a savage public fall-out with 50 Cent. Messing with kingpin Fiddy may lose you all your friends, but damned if it doesn't produce a great album.

Game's pain at being deserted practically drips off Doctor's Advocate. The poor lad is clearly confused, stepping up to his foe with self-assured rhyming one moment before declaring there is no beef at all the next. It's schizo, but also oddly compelling.

What makes you really want to give Game a big calming hug (and then a quick jab with a sedative) is his scary obsession with father figure Dr Dre, who distanced himself after the recent fiasco. Although Dre contributes nothing to the album, the production often mimics his sublime G-funk and Game drops Dre's name on almost every cut, even crying and whimpering to him on the chillingly addictive title track.

We should hope that the good doctor lays his healing hands on his protégé soon. But, then again, could a happier Game create such gripping music?

-NICK CRAVEN



The World According to Pablo

Billie the Vision & The Dancers

My summer was, in many ways, defined by a Swedish band with a cross-dressing lead singer and their concept album recounting the life of one Pablo Diablo.

The World According to Pablo is a gem of Swedish pop. Too short at 11 tracks, Pablo is packed with hand claps, obscene lyrics, and people going bah-bah-bah. Any one of the above is enough to win me over.

Billie earns bonus points for name checking the Jackson 5 and the following, perfectly delivered line:

"I said, 'Can somebody set my soul on fire?' But somebody set my home on fire and the flames and the smoke laughed right in my face, the insurance company laughed at me too. Alanis, yes, I know what's ironic, Alanis yes I do."

The World According to Pablo and other Billie songs are free to download at <http://www.last.fm/label/Love+Will+Pay+the+Bills/playlists>

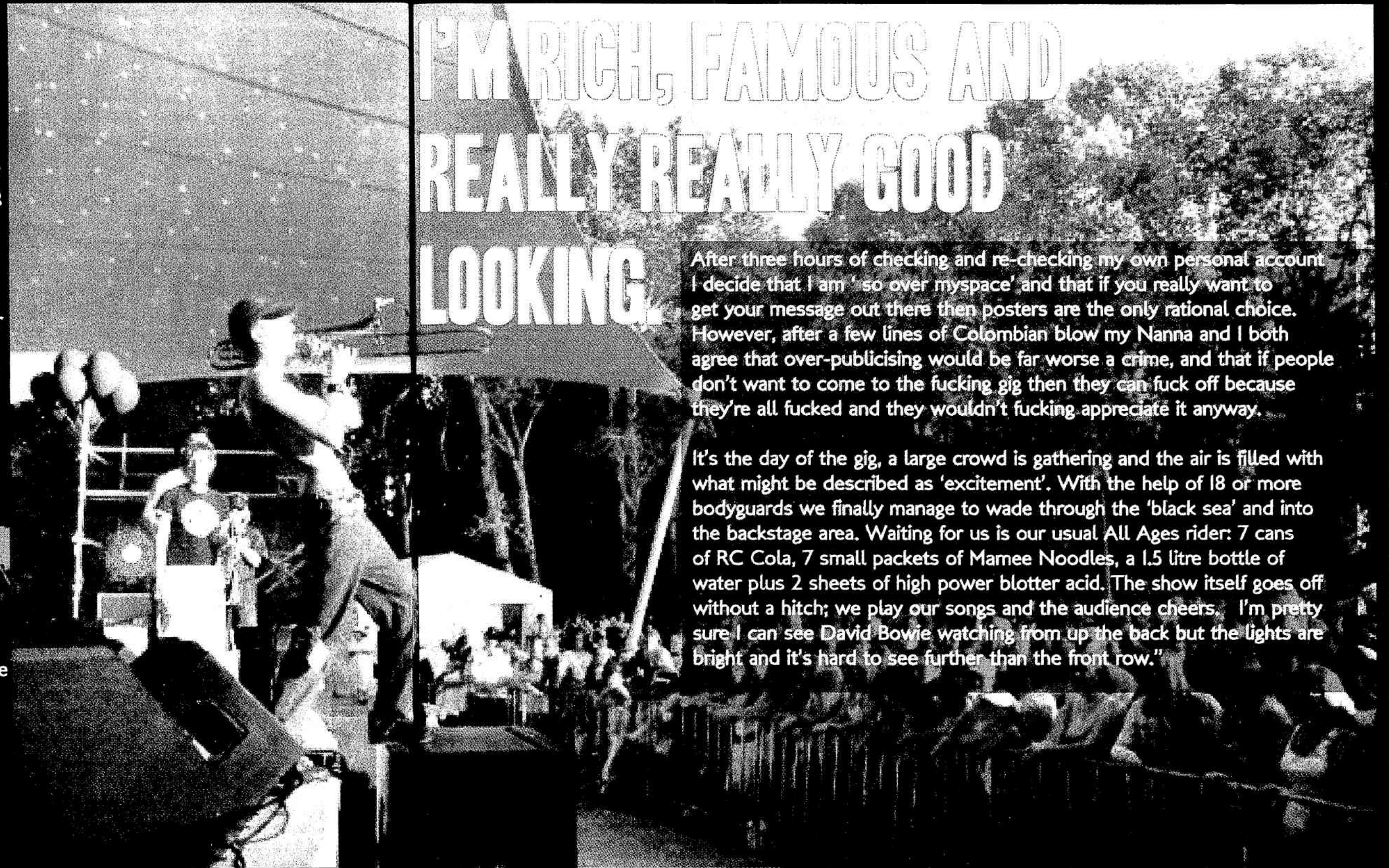
WORONi

WE AT WORONI NEVER WANTED TO BE INVOLVED IN STUDENT JOURNALISM- WE WANTED TO BE ROCK STARS! UNFORTUNATELY, THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT SO WE DID THE NEXT BEST THING AND GOT TIM KENT, LEAD SINGER OF CANBERRA BAND LOS CAPITANES, TO TELL US ABOUT THE GLAMOROUS LIFE WE WERE SO CRUELLY DENIED.

Hi, my name is Tim Kent and this is my story.

"Weary, disorientated and a little drunk from breakfast, I find myself wandering aimlessly through Garema place, stopping intermittently at the Chess Board to observe the mating rituals of the local scene kids. A small tribe hover nervously around the goon bag, so I linger momentarily, trying to pick which ones are boys and which ones are girls.

We're playing an All Ages festival in four days and I still haven't got the posters printed up. I'm mildly irritated by this but manage to control my stress levels by down-playing the effectiveness of pre-gig poster-ing and swallowing a fistful of horse tranquilisers. Eventually I manage to convince myself to go home and that myspace is by far the most superior advertising tool.



I'M RICH, FAMOUS AND
REALLY REALLY GOOD
LOOKING.

After three hours of checking and re-checking my own personal account I decide that I am 'so over myspace' and that if you really want to get your message out there then posters are the only rational choice. However, after a few lines of Colombian blow my Nanna and I both agree that over-publicising would be far worse a crime, and that if people don't want to come to the fucking gig then they can fuck off because they're all fucked and they wouldn't fucking appreciate it anyway.

It's the day of the gig, a large crowd is gathering and the air is filled with what might be described as 'excitement'. With the help of 18 or more bodyguards we finally manage to wade through the 'black sea' and into the backstage area. Waiting for us is our usual All Ages rider: 7 cans of RC Cola, 7 small packets of Mamee Noodles, a 1.5 litre bottle of water plus 2 sheets of high power blotter acid. The show itself goes off without a hitch; we play our songs and the audience cheers. I'm pretty sure I can see David Bowie watching from up the back but the lights are bright and it's hard to see further than the front row."

LOS CAPITANES

Film.

Apocalypto

Jonathan Fisher

While his personal problems have been well-publicised recently, no one can fault Mel Gibson on his professional work. With *Apocalypto*, Gibson has proven that it is possible to create an exciting action/adventure film in any setting. Set in the Mayan Empire towards the end of its existence, *Apocalypto* focuses on Jaguar Paw (Rudy Youngblood), a man whose village is razed by Mayan rulers who harvest the village's men for sacrifice. After Jaguar Paw escapes the clutches of the vicious rulers, a massive hunt ensues, culminating in several of the best-executed chase scenes I've seen in a while. We see some terrific set pieces: quicksand, waterfalls, and hostile jungle animals. Action fans will love it.

Apocalypto is not for the faint of heart. It is one of the most violent movies this side of *The Passion of the Christ*. It runs a little long, but as the film is really broken into three sections (early glimpses of village life, the razing of the town, and then the chase), that's to be expected. There is some commentary on the nature of civilisation and human advancement, but it's rather muted until the last ten minutes or so of the film. I'm sure there will be those that will question the historical accuracy of the film, but Gibson isn't making a documentary, and for the incredible attention to detail, and some fantastic chase scenes, *Apocalypto* gets an enthusiastic thumbs up.

Megan McKeough

Apocalypto is definitely one bloody adventure, and if you're at all squeamish or have a big dinner planned afterwards, be warned. Many scenes are brilliantly savage, and while they do capture the brutality of humans, Gibson doesn't hold back on the violence. It is also clear the amount of effort that he's obviously had to put into this project, overcoming a language barrier and extracting terrifying and tense performances from each actor. Jaguar Paw is an engaging and fascinating character, whose face is so interesting to look at that he is the perfect centerpiece for this film. Early scenes of the village men hunting and playing practical jokes work well, without becoming trite or seeming forced. Gibson definitely could have trimmed scenes here and there, making the film a lot tighter, as he lets some action and chase scenes linger too long to remain fully effective. Not too sure if *Apocalypto* is worth all the hype, but there is a cleverly executed final sequence which could have easily ruined the movie, which Gibson handles quite well. At this point, you realise how much he has brought you into the Mayan's mindset, and he leaves the viewer in this frame of mind. While *Apocalypto* is not a film I'd ever watch again, and I still feel a little ill, I have to admit that most of this film was done very well.



AND YOU WILL KNOW THE TRAILER...OF IM

Let's be honest, watching movie trailers is like Dr Pepper – you either love it or you hate it. But trailers do serve their purpose – without trailers, how would one know what to avoid? What to hurry along to, wad of cinema cash in hand? Trailers are the advertisements of the film industry - like the bright lights of Vegas or the sequins on a stripper. They are designed to draw you in and take your money, sometimes leaving you entertained, sometimes pissed off. Ideally, the trailer should also make a film that is potentially shit look like polished gold, turn a Mission Impossible into a Million Dollar Baby.

Trailers are named so because traditionally they were screened *after* the film, not before. This worked better because in most early films the credits are at the beginning, and so as soon as the film images finished, footage for upcoming films was played. The first studio to release trailers officially was Paramount in 1916, though the first ever trailer appeared in 1912 in New York, at the end of a serial-style film. By 1919 the idea was catching on, but early trailers usually consisted of a series of slides sent ahead to theatres, rather than a cut of film footage. Trailers were rented out to theatres in the early days, and did not make their editors much money.

Many of the trailers for early classic films look similar, as they were made by the same company – the National Screen Service, which handled most film trailers for almost

half a century. Alfred Hitchcock and Cecil B. De Mille were the few directors whose film trailers stood out during that time and still remain unique – De Mille's were big, exaggerated attention-getters, and Hitchcock often appeared in his trailers (such as the trailer for *Psycho*, where he leads a tour of Bates Motel).

Trailers often contain footage not seen in the final film – both on purpose and by accident. The trailer editors and the filmmakers usually work separately, and the trailers and different footage can be selected from each. These days trailers are made by studios or by trailer houses, and the filmmaker must survive the studio's cut, and the filmmaker (if they have any say in the matter). Often, the trailer is made to the film, and the filmmaker usually has no say in the matter. Trailers are usually made for blockbusters, but some are made for smaller cost million-dollar films.

In construction, trailers are usually divided into three parts. Act 1: the Introduction, Act 2: the Climax, and Act 3: the Montage, which consists of strong or interesting moments in the film, backed with sweeping 'signature music', and the list of stars in the film. A voiceover usually smooths over any confusion pertaining to squeezing 2 hours of story into 2 and a half minutes of trailer, and

use of cliché...
...er, kind of
...seconds
...remember
...the camera
...and Lisa
...Phantom Message
...people
...the tea
...left the cinema
...straw

...part of the trailer is
...good film doesn't
...equal a good trailer, and vice versa. As far
...Golden Trailer
...Awards bestow praise
...those that make the trailer.
...Golden Trailer
...Award include *Harry Potter and the Goblet
of Fire*, *Match Point* and *Thank You For
Smoking*.
So next time you take a swig of your Dr
Pepper and settle in for some cinema lovin',
remember that you probably wouldn't be
there at all, be it not for the talents of the
tantalising trailer editor.

THE TRAILER WAY: The Trends of the Trailer

Trend One

There was something that bothered me about the trailer for *Apocalypto*. Was it that Mel Gibson had somehow reached the status of having his name burst out of the screen, as big as the title? Well, yes, but also that the trailer gives very little clue as to what the film is actually about, despite hammering you with Mel's name. It could turn out that the entire film is some running around, capped off with the Mayans indulging in a merry jitterbug or some such, not a grisly sacrifice. How would one know what to expect? I call this Trend One: the art of saying very little. This is a confident move – only effective for films that will draw a definite crowd.

Trend Two

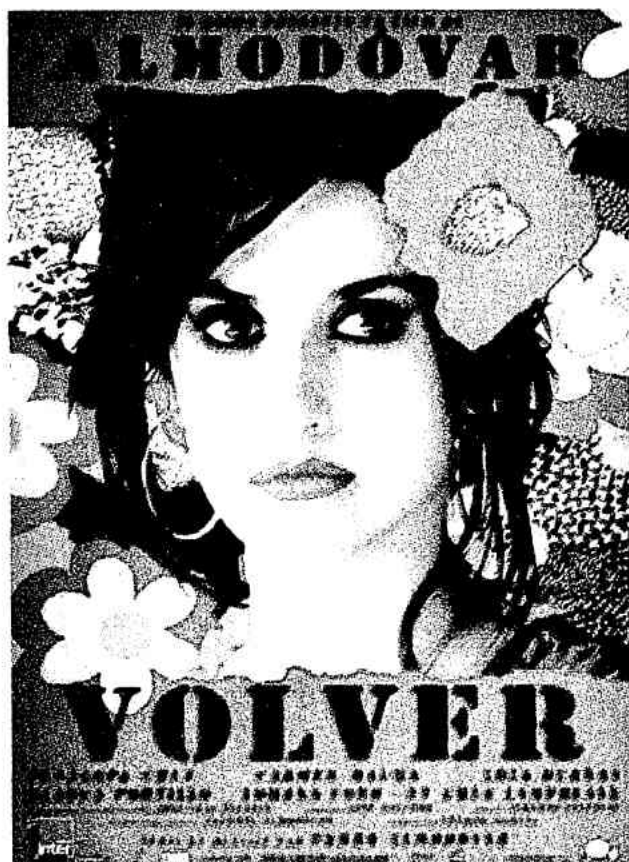
Behold - trailers that spell out the entire plot, character development and in 2 minutes leave no surprises unrevealed and few good scenes unpreviewed. Thus, the viewer is now completely unencouraged to actually see the film, as they've already seen the best parts. Trend Two: the art of saying too much. Examples can include period films and historical biographies – in the process of trying to sell a difficult product, the trailer leaves nothing a mystery. With the latter this is less of a problem, if the historical story is already well known.

Trend Three

Here lie the misleading trailers which may depict a film as a merry comedy, a flighty romance, or a dark thriller – but which turn out to be an odd drama, a depressing mood killer or a camp soft-porn fest. Often, these trailers are better than the movie – who needs all that pesky dialogue and character growth? Trend Three: the art of saying a garbled message in gibberish.

■ Megan McKeough

WORON



Volver
8/10
Jonathan Fisher

The title of Almodóvar's new film means "to return" in Spanish, and Almodóvar has certainly returned to the type of film that he is great at making. *Volver* is a celebration of women, of the bizarreness of Spanish culture, and, in some ways, a celebration of Spanish film and Almodóvar himself.

Almodóvar could never be accused of being modest. For as long as I can remember, his films have been labelled and exclaimed as "A film by Almodóvar". Apparently, once a director has reached a certain level of greatness, his or her first name is no longer consequential. The town that *Volver* is set in is a town that I can picture Almodóvar being raised in, and the women depicted in the film are just the kind of women that could, nay, *would*, raise a man like Pedro Almodóvar.

Cruz plays Raimunda, a woman with a daughter, Paula (Yohana Cobo), an eccentric sister, Sole (Lola Duena), and a despicable husband. When her husband makes a move at his step-daughter, one of the characters is forced into a dreadful action. I will not say who is subject to this dreadful action, or by whom, but it is not really a surprise, given the clues preceding the act.

The performances are all outstanding. Newcomer Yohana Cobo is a real talent; her dialogue is limited, but she certainly leaves an impression, particularly in the scenes with her character's grandmother. The real show-stealer, however, is Penelope Cruz. Cruz is gorgeous, and Almodóvar knows this. He is a director who, despite being gay, loves women. He glorifies Cruz (especially her cleavage) in every shot, particularly in one shot in which we see her from above, cleaning dishes (a shot in which the murder weapon is cleverly incorporated). The most remarkable thing about *Volver* is that it is not really about murder, revenge, or ghosts, but incorporates these usually clumsy cinematic topics into a commentary on everyday life. *Volver* taps into the heart of what makes Spanish films (and films by Almodóvar) so great.

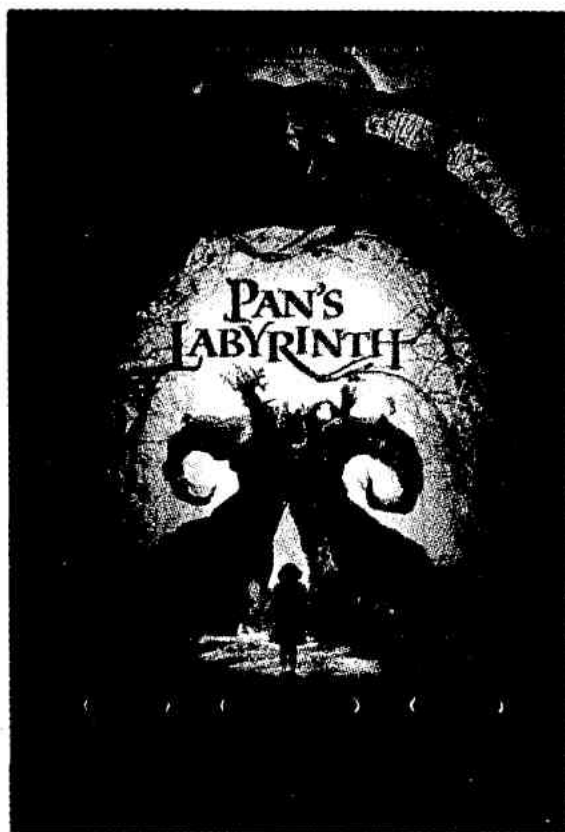


The Pursuit of Happyness
7/10
Megan McKeough

Gabriele Muccino's *The Pursuit of Happyness* dishes out everything one expects from an 'inspired by a true story' film, wrapped in a competent and engaging package. After a long struggle, the underdog (everyone loves the underdog) works really hard, and with the help of some natural talent and smarts, achieves a goal he truly deserves. Here, Will Smith plays Chris Gardner, an intelligent man who's made some poor choices and has ended up a few dollars short and minus the mother of his child. As he tries to take care of his son Christopher (Smith's own son Jaden) through eviction and tax seizure, Gardner sets his sights on a position as a stockbroker, which is almost attainable thanks to an unpaid internship.

This uphill struggle to career success is particularly hard for Gardner, as he makes it through some untimely bad luck and severe cash shortage, and while the ending is predictable, everything has been so tough up to that point that it's still very satisfying. Smith and son are sweet together, and Jaden actually provides a pretty good performance here, without being too cute or mind-numbingly annoying. Any overtones of capitalism and the notion that 'happyness = money money money' are somewhat alleviated by Smith's heartfelt performance, as Gardner comes across as a determined man who just wants to go somewhere. It's also hard to shout 'greedy capitalist' when Gardner's sleeping on toilet paper on the floor of a men's bathroom.

Overall, *The Pursuit of Happyness* is a fairly nice film where Smith proves he's more than a shirtless buffoon wielding a gun (though he does kick ass that way). Honestly though, the film isn't as good as I thought it would be, and all the best parts were in the trailer anyway. It is definitely a good point that perhaps one should have to work to achieve happiness however, and so this story is worth a look.



El Laberinto del Fauno
(Pan's Labyrinth)
9/10

Jonathan Fisher

Pan's Labyrinth is a fantasy film that does not, for one moment, overplay the fantasy, or assume that its target audience are merely killing time in between Harry Potter installments. It's a fairytale film for adults, and, remarkably, it's also a compelling piece of historical fiction, a disturbing reminder of the brutality of Spain under Franco. Directed by Mexican Guillermo Del Toro (*The Devil's Backbone*, *Hellboy*), the film opens in 1944, with a mother named Carmen (Ariadna Gil) and her daughter Ofelia (Ivana Banquero) moving to Spain's countryside after the end of the Civil War. The unforgiving and sadistic General Vidal (Sergi Lopez) has forced himself upon Carmen as her husband, impregnating her along the way. Carmen is nearing full term, but the pregnancy is killing her, and the thought of living her life with Vidal is more than Ofelia can bear.

Ofelia, meanwhile, during her searches of the surrounding woods, finds an enormous stone labyrinth, and meets a faun named Pan, who convinces her that she is the long-lost princess of his world. He sends her to do three tasks to prove her worthiness. Whether Pan's mythical world is real, or simply the overworked imagination of Ofelia is unimportant, and I shall not reveal the answer in this review: the fantasy sequences are effective and beautifully executed. The real terrors in Ofelia's life are not terrifying creatures like the one pictured, but are everyday experiences like seeing her mother's health deteriorate in a horrifying way, and learning how much of a monster Vidal is. The end result makes *Pan's Labyrinth* a surprisingly haunting and enriching film experience. I was reminded of one of 2006's great failures, M. Night Shyamalan's *Lady in the Water*. *Pan's Labyrinth* is everything Shyamalan wanted *Lady in the Water* to be. *Pan's Labyrinth* is 2007's first truly magical movie experience.



The Holiday
5/10
Jonathan Fisher

Wasted opportunities in film are almost tragic for us casual observers. *The Holiday*, while not being a terrible film, has a decent premise - but sloppy writing, poor casting and bad editing turn it into a predictable, uneven mess, covered in sugar.

Even though the plot of the movie is very simple, director Nancy Meyers (*Something's Gotta Give*, *As Good as it Gets*) takes her sweet time getting it moving. Iris (Kate Winslet), is a British journalist in love with the office cad Jasper (Rufus Sewell) who, despite being engaged, insists on teasing Iris, allowing her to think there is a chance their romance could work, when he knows it never will. Iris, to me, simply seems like Bridget Jones' more attractive, more inexplicably depressed and lovelorn sister. Amanda (Cameron Diaz) is a film trailer editor, who is afraid of commitment and hasn't cried since she was a little girl (do you think she'll be crying by the end of this film?). After a conversation on a house-swap web site, Amanda and Iris decide to swap living arrangements for two weeks. Iris gets a swanky Beverly Hills house, complete with neighbour Miles (Jack Black) and former Hollywood writing legend Arthur Abbott (Eli Wallach), while Amanda gets a beautiful tiny cottage in the British countryside, and meets Iris' brother, who's only Jude Law.

The film lacks any surprises, although it tries its best. This would be okay if the romances were interesting enough to keep us hooked, but there's no chemistry between either of the couples. Jack Black steals the show, although some people may find it hard to take him seriously as a leading man.

I know that men all around the world are going to be forced by their girlfriends to see *The Holiday*, and for them, I am sorry. While it's a movie that's as easy to stomach as a piece of chocolate, sitting through it is like eating an entire block, and a steady diet of any candy becomes nauseating after a while.

WORONI

Books.

The White Masai.

Corinne Hofmann
(Translated by Peter Millar)
Bliss Books, Munchen, 1998

The White Masai has recently been made into a film. You may know Corinne Hofmann's story having watched this; a young Swiss-German travels to Kenya with her boyfriend, only to fall in love with the Masai warrior Lketinga, marry him, and live in Africa for four years.

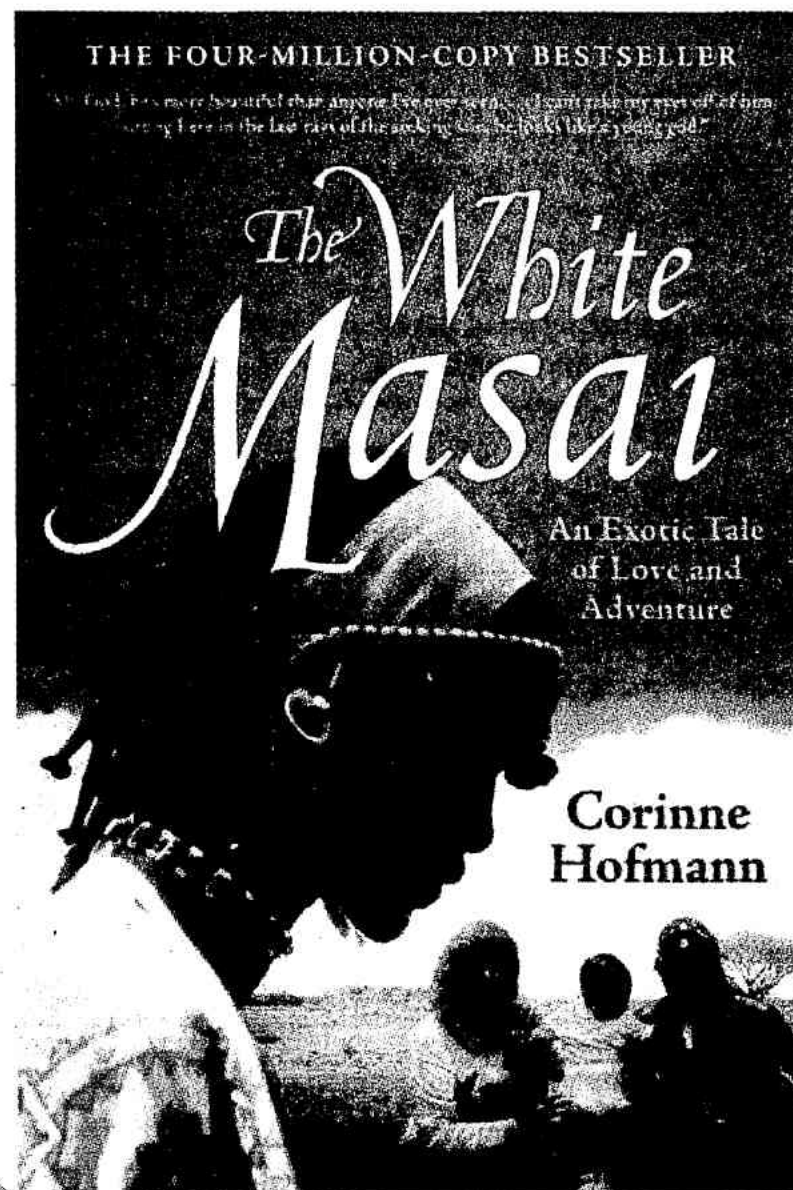
Having sold around four-million copies and received exceptionally positive reviews, there must be something fabulous about Corinne's book, no? While the tale itself is intriguing, there are aspects distinctly lacking in her account.

At first I thought the tired descriptions ("The Masai has lodged himself into my brain. I can't eat") could be due to a poor translation from the original German, but since reading the German text also, my opinion has not much changed.

There is something uninspired and pragmatic about the way in which Corinne writes. There is little evidence of passion - not because she is passionless, but because her language is like opaque gauze between a simple retelling of an event, and the real, gritty, emotional communication of it.

Her employment of plain and often repetitive language makes for mostly dull reading. For example, when describing her Masai warrior husband she resorts to the word 'beautiful', which, while touching, becomes tedious after the hundredth account and cements the idea that she is writing with a limited vocabulary at her disposal.

Perhaps her experiences were so extraordinary that language simply cannot do them any justice? At any rate, Corinne Hoffman has a remarkable story to her credit, and describes, for those interested in Africa, her day-to-day activities with clarity and her trials are torments with evident consideration. Unfortunately, as fascinating as this begins, Hofmann has a way of making it read all too cut and dry.



A novel where suicide is linked to the 'scent of bitter almonds' (cyanide) and marriage affiliated with the asparagus-infused scent of a husband's urine is certain to be extraordinarily sensual. This slightly absurd tale, written by the 1982 Nobel Prizewinner for Literature and set in the Caribbean of the early Twentieth Century, prompts the reader to ponder, "Can a love over half a century old remain unrequited?"

A young man, Florentino Ariza (non-U) falls in love with Fermina Daza (U), and while their love is mutually exclusive, its intensity frightens Fermina's father and she is sent away to forget it. Upon her return several years later she is married to a doctor of the highest standing, Juvenal Urbino, while Florentino Ariza, having never forgot his dear Fermina continues to flounder beneath the surface in a delirious love-fever.

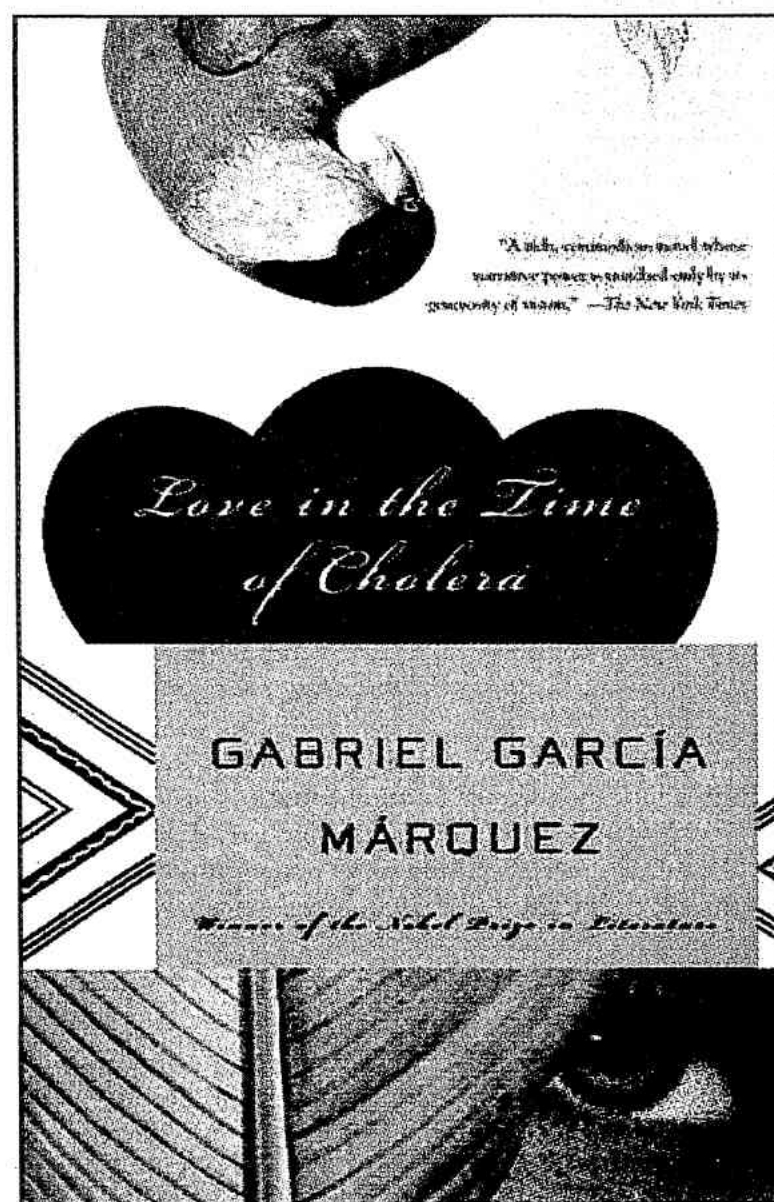
When Urbino dies, 51 years, 9 months and 4 days after Florentino and Fermina first fall in love, Florentino arrives at the Ariza's marital home and propositions Fermina one last time. They end up consummating their love for one another on a steamboat, both aged over seventy years.

While this summary may make this work of mastery read like a trite Mills & Boon, it really is an exceptional read where the love story, though central, is subservient to Marquez's beautiful storytelling. The luscious imagery is deserving of recognition at the very least - the chaotic market-place where snake charmers and false Indians offer syrup for eternal love and trained alligators for the home, and where leaves of sage and oregano can be crushed in spice stores by passers-by, purely for olfactory pleasure.

For the sensual among us, believers of love, and for the elders of the academy, Marquez supplies the literary lifeblood. Solace and comfort for those still pining for the love affairs of yesteryear, and passion for those who have lips nearby to kiss.

Love in the Time of Cholera.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Penguin, 1985



WORONI

Fashion.

New Year Style

By Atticus Freely

As the new University year begins we inevitably find ourselves turning our eyes to the campuses of Milan and Paris to see what the coming year's style will be. Personally, I take a trip to Europe each July to experience the upcoming fashion first hand. My holiday to the University of Milan earlier in the year did not leave me disappointed.

In a city where Armani and Gucci are stock, and fake fur is a fashion faux pas, I was pleasantly surprised at the 'reevaluation of all values' taking place on the University catwalks that are the promenades and esplanades of the University of Milan.

In were high-rise pantaloons, designer suspenders for both the lads and the ladies, side parts and short shorts. Out were the distressed garments of seasons past, the colour black, and eating disorders. The young man to the right epitomises the look of this summer. This 'preppy does Dallas' look says "I work hard, play hard, and what are you going to do about it". The minimal tonal play from white to tan and back to white is perfectly offset by the darker accessories (notice the dark brown belt and black wristwatch and satchel). Done so effortlessly it looks natural, but you can bet your socks this gentleman planned his outfit days in advance.

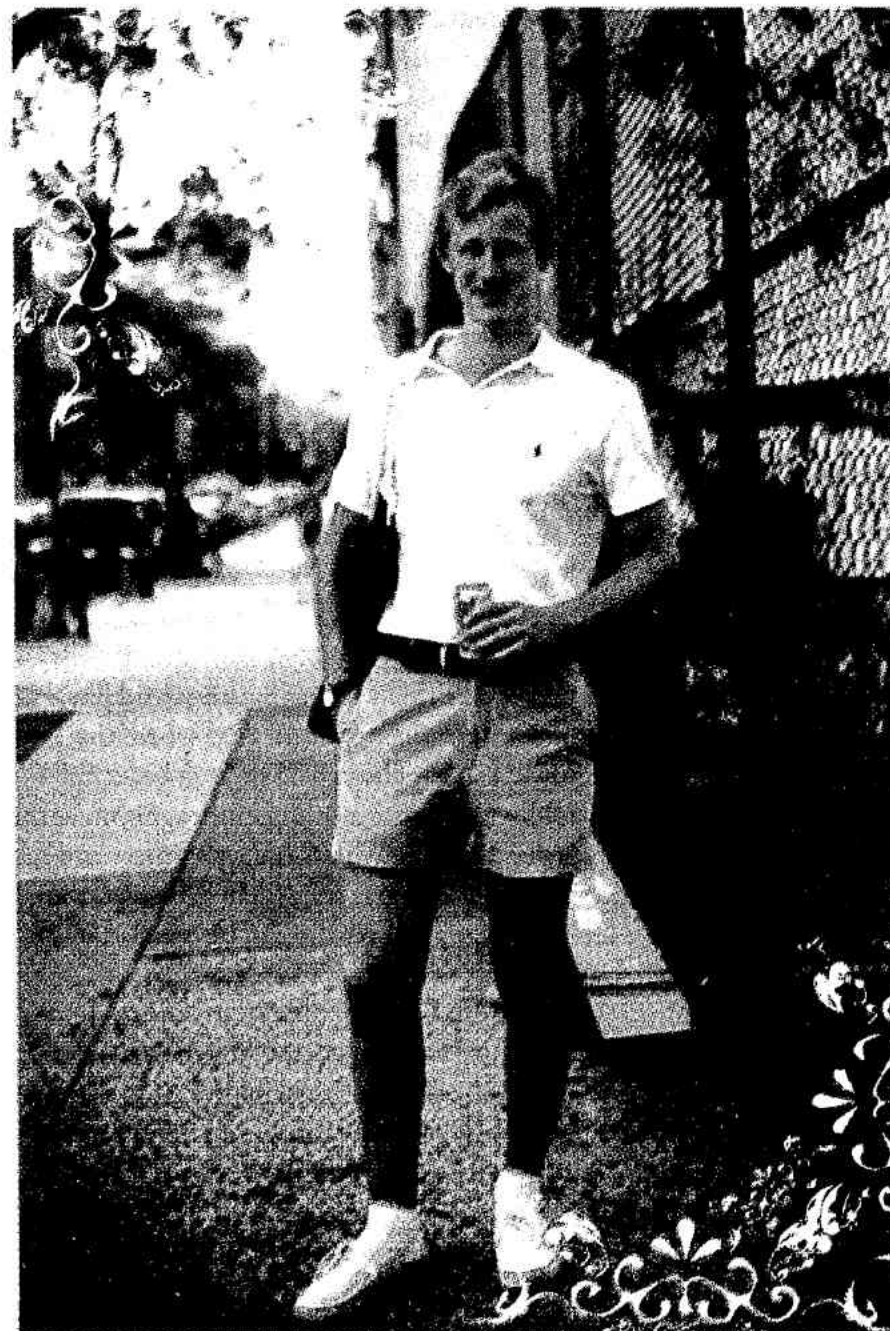
Fortunately the heroin chic look is also out. The industry has finally acknowledged the fact that if we wanted to see corpses on the street we would simply move to Queens. Many labels have responded by producing clothes for the larger 'modern woman'. A quick look at our own University's refectory will tell you that fashion companies aren't making big bucks from size four anymore.

Of course many of these fashion movements started on the Continent will take some time to take a firm hold on Australian campuses. The fashion industry dubs this the 'trickle-down effect', and is one of the many common threads the industry shares with development economics. Akin to this theme is the idea that some areas of University will be more apt to pick up on the winds of change than others. For example, it is often accepted that the pretentious attitude mixed with a real lack of fashion direction in Law schools makes law students more prone to accept changes than the more conservative areas such as Art History or Forestry. This is especially the case this season as high-rise pants and suspenders will be the mainstay of most practicing lawyers, and students will most likely be more than happy to slip into their more casual cousins

making their rounds this summer.

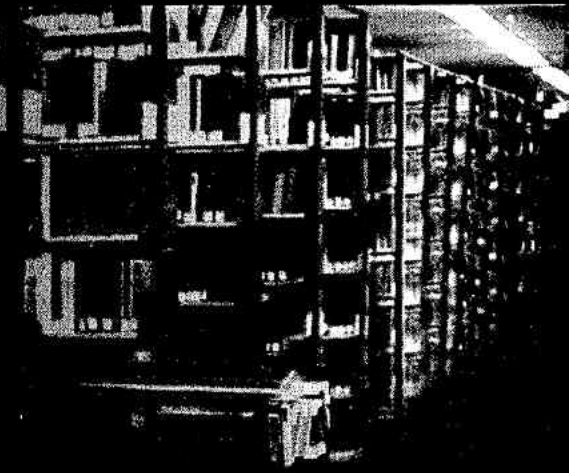
Of more concern are the large target markets of Commerce and Business. This post-teen, pre-tween, seemingly conscienceless yet fat-walleted group of public-servants-in-waiting often need to be coaxed out of their conservative apparel in order to try something new. One way to phase in the current look may be to start by wearing shirts with prominent vertical stripes. After a period these stripes can be replaced by pastel suspenders and few will even notice the change. If you are still worried, throw on a beret to take attention away from your torso, and before long you will be the 'belle of the business ball', or the 'Fabio of finance'.

As the new year begins I am excited about the prospects awaiting campus fashion. Whether or not we see the trends I have elaborated upon above remains to be seen, right now however...I'm off shopping!



You may think that you learnt to use a library back in High School, but with over 2,000,000 print resources, 53,000 electronic journals and 68,200 metres of shelves in 10 different locations, the ANU Library is a whole new game...

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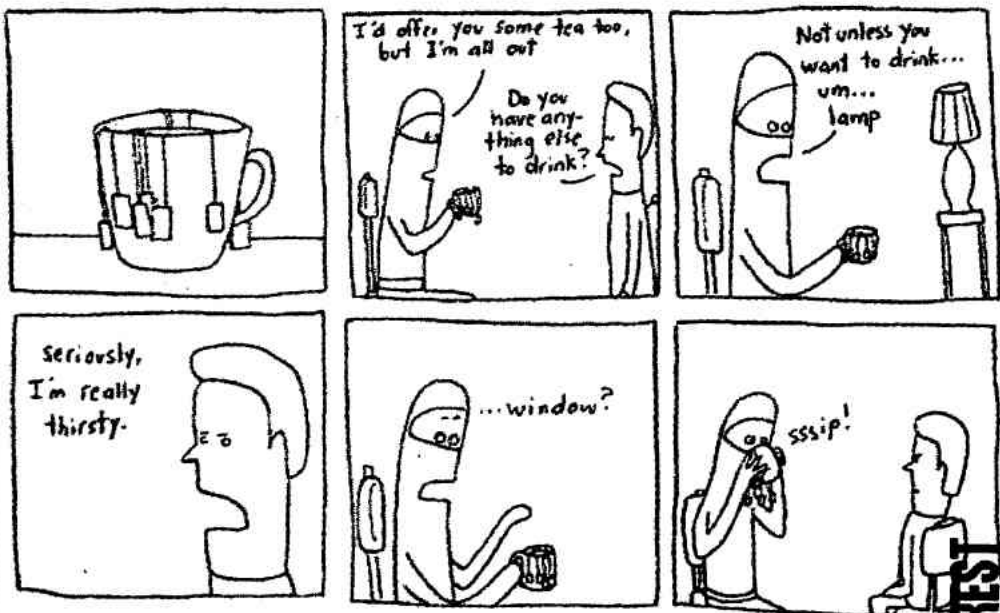
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Random!



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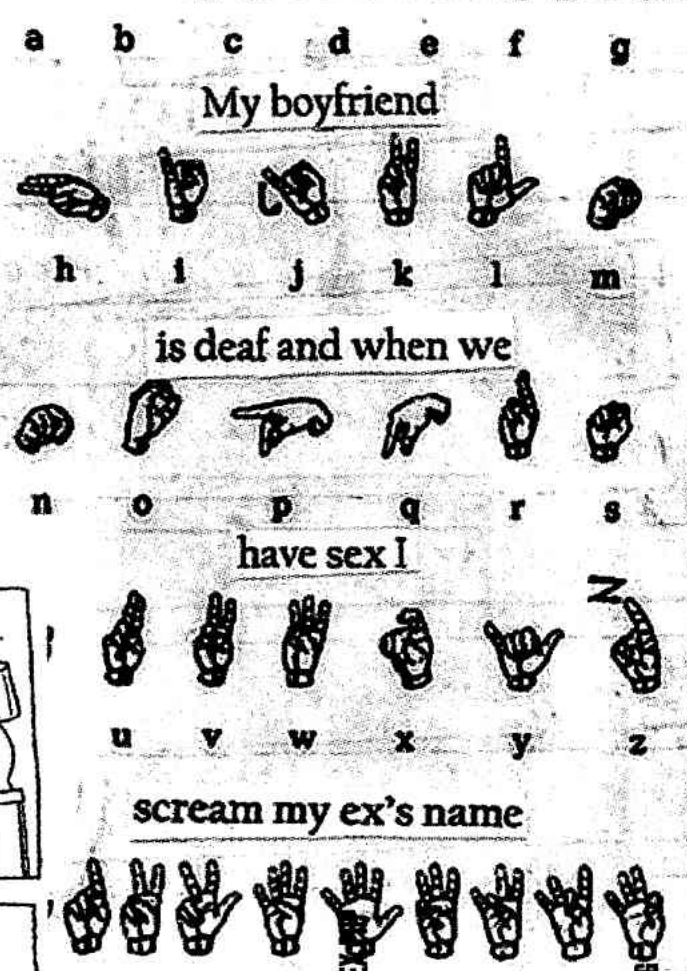
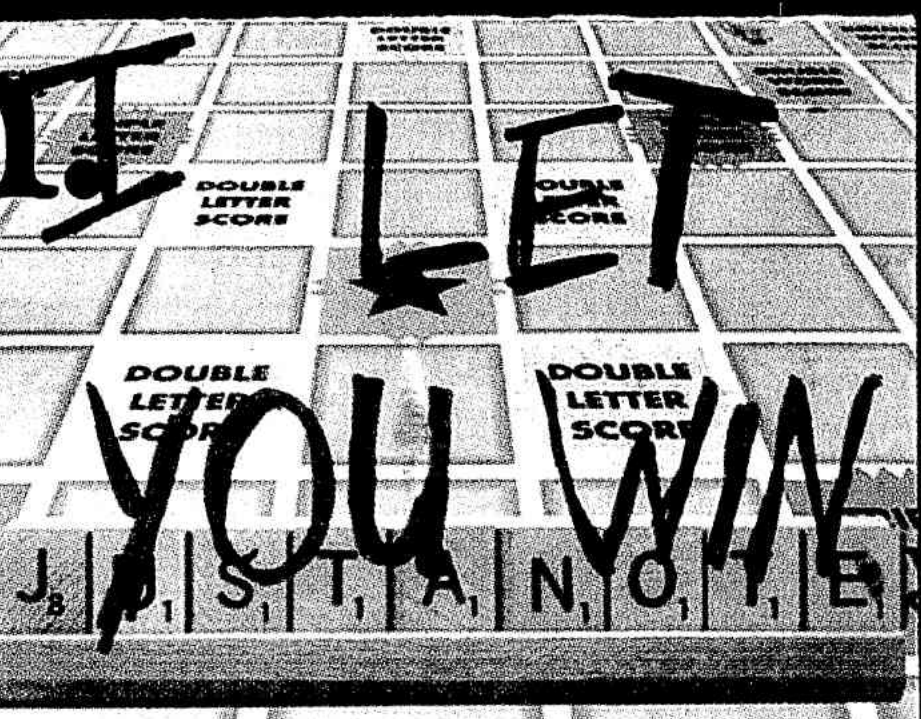


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RANDOM WEBSITES OF INTEREST

- WHITE NINJA - [HTTP://WWW.WHITENINJACOMICS.COM/INDEX.SHTML](http://www.whiteninjacomics.com/index.shtml)
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- AUDREY KAWASAKI - [HTTP://WWW.AUDREY-KAWASAKI.COM/2007/INDEX.HTML](http://www.audrey-kawasaki.com/2007/index.html)
- WORON'S FIRST CHOICE FOR NAKED WOMEN ON WOOD
- BOMBS BOING - [HTTP://WWW.BOMBSBOING.NET](http://www.bombsboing.net)
- FOR YOUR DAILY DOSE OF ROBOTS, COMICS AND CRYPTOZOOLOGY (BELOW)
- DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION VERSUS LIBRARY FINES

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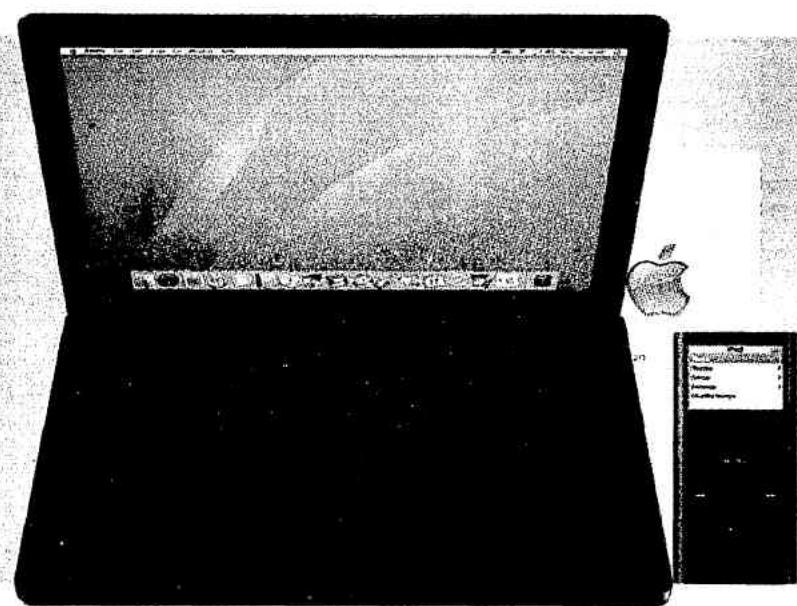


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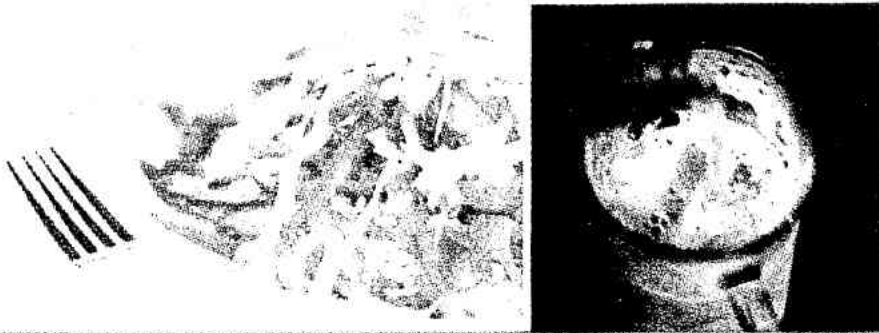
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